McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907. | NO. 27

SOME FACTS ABOUT PAVING

Which Make the Outlook Brighter for this Work Here.

A LETTER FROM BROOKVILLE

And Facts From Other Towns—Grade of Paving Used. Where "State Aid" is Furnished—Engineer Hired and is at work on Plans and Specifications.

Last week the MINER suggested that if this borough could not raise sufficient money to pave Main street with a concrete foundation, which is the most expensive and therefore presumably the best, that there were less expensive methods of paving which might be worth considering and mentioned the gravel and sand and just plain sand foundations as second and third choices. This suggestion brought forth some severe criticism from the concrete advocates who seem to think that paving with any other foundation would be like throwing away the money.

The MINER does not object to being criticized, for honest criticism brings out facts, and since that time we have taken some pains to ascertain facts The result is this:

We find that where "State aid" is furnished in paving boroughs and towns that the State Highway Commissioner recommends and almost invariably uses the gravel and sand foundation.

We find that Coudersport has such a pavement on a street which was in a good deal worse condition for mud and poor drainage than our Main street and that it is giving perfect satisfaction.

We find that Brookville has had such a pavement for fourteen years and considers it as good as any to day as will be seen by a letter from there in answer to an inquiry made by Mr. John Forrest.

We find that this paving cost Brookville in 1893, at the rate of one dollar and forty three and one-tenth cents per square yard and that the brick cost ten cents per square yard more than they will cost here.

We find that at $1.43 per yard it would cost this borough about $30,000 to do the proposed paving.

We find that some of the materials have probably advanced since the Brookville paving was done but it is safe to say that we could pave Main street [illegible] funds.

Brookville, Pa., June 26th, 1907.

John Forrest, Esq.,

Smethport, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I duly received your letter of 26th inst. Our pavement was laid in 1893 and it was done in this manner. Such excavating and filling was done as was necessary to bring the work to a suitable grade, then the earth was rolled. On this was placed five inches of creek gravel, (of course with a great deal of sand mixed with it just as it was shoveled up); this was rolled. Then two inches of sand was spread over it and the brick was laid; the brick were then rolled. The surface was then covered with sufficient sand to work in and fill the interstices. There was curbing, of course.

The street is in most excellent condition to-day, save in places where excavations made for various kinds of pipe lines, have not been properly filled, tamped and surfaced up, leaving the surface in those places a little uneven. In all the fourteen years the only expense the borough has had on the street has been slight expenditures to correct such matters where the private person opening up the street to lay pipe has not properly repaired it. Nothing done in this way could be termed relaying at all.

Since the first paving above referred to the borough has done a large amount of additional paving, constructing it in the same way. No concrete foundation has ever been put in, and I think our authorities would smile at the suggestion of any necessity for such a thing.

There is nothing in our soil at all which renders it peculiarly adapted to that kind of construction. A considerable amount of filling had to be put in so that the streets could be properly surfaced up. Although my knowledge of the soil in your streets is limited, I feel free to hazard the opinion that it is equally as well, or better, adapted to this method of paving construction than the soil with us. I don't think anything could have been meaner, softer or muddier in wet weather than our streets were before being paved.

Mr. Gorton, Secretary of the Borough Council, has furnished me with a statement showing the cost of first paving, which I enclose.

If I can in any way, be of further service to you in this matter, please use me.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES CARET.

We believe the council is acting wisely in this matter by taking time to deliberate before deciding on what kind of paving we will use. They have hired City Engineer Bannon of Bradford to make the plans and specifications and he and his assistants are making the necessary survey. When Mr. Bannon's plans and specifications are ready and he has furnished an estimate of the probable cost of the job it will be time enough to decide on the foundation to be used.

Nothing is to be gained by taking a too set position on this matter before all the facts and conditions are understood. The MINER is for paving and nothing but a good substantial pavement. If the concrete foundation is the only good pavement we are for that and that alone, but if the gravel and sand foundation is just as good or better and can be put in for $7,000 or $8,000 less we are for that kind of pavement regardless of criticism.

A Pleasing Entertainment.

Despite the fact that Monday evening was exceedingly stormy and disagreeable it did not prevent a large audience from assembling at St. Elizabeth's church to listen to the lecture by John Martin Gannon, D. D., LL. D., of Cambridge Springs, on the subject of "The Church and State in France."

In introducing Rev. Gannon to the people Rev. Dugan said that he had been under the impression that this was the reverend gentleman's first visit to Smethport, but in conversation with him in the afternoon he had learned that Rev. Gannon was a member of the St. Bonaventure ball team which visited this place some years ago and received a trouncing at the hands of the Smethport team.

Dr. Gannon, although a young man, has travelled extensively and has the distinction of being the only priest in the Diocese who has obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He is a brilliant talker and is well acquainted with the subject. He showed how after centuries of labor in France, in which much good had been accomplished by the church, a clique of men, classed as Socialists and Atheists, headed by Clemenceau, the prime minister of that country, decided to banish the church from the country. He told how the convents and churches were pillaged and the nuns and priests were driven, out but he is confident that in time the church will gain another foothold in beautiful France. It was a very interesting and instructive talk throughout.

Preceding the lecture an organ recital was given by Rev. Wm. Becker of Port Allegany. By his playing it was clearly demonstrated that he is a musician of ability and fully understands how to bring out the sweetness and tone of the pipe organ. Miss Esther Erhart, the organist, rendered two beautiful selections in a manner which surprised the young lady's many friends. A trio composed of Mesdames Haggerty, Bonton and Clark sang a pleasing number and all in all it was an evening of enjoyment.

Publish the Laws.

An inexcusable lot of rubbish is printed from time to time as official matter of the State and counties, but there is one sort of public literature that should be printed more generally in the papers than it is.

The last session of the legislature passed enough bills that the Governor has already signed nearly seven hundred of them.

Thus we have nearly seven hundred new laws, and nobody really has an idea of them.

These laws should be published in the papers of the state and in a lot of the papers. The people have a right to know the laws, and the cheapest way to be made familiar with the laws is to publish them in the papers. The people pay the price, and the money might better be used to publish the laws than to pay politicians a percentage for winking at a scheme like the Capitol graft. The laws should be published in enough of the papers in every county that everybody who is affected by the laws could know what had been done at Harrisburg during the session.

The practice is followed now by some of the States, and you may make up your mind that where the laws are printed in the papers the people would not go back to the old method of having one copy of the pamphlet law of the state sent to the village justice of the peace, and allowing the rest of the people to be in the dark.

The papers of the State could take up this subject with profit to the people and no harm to themselves, and should lend a hand.

Excursion via P., S. & N. R. R. to Rock City and Riverhurst Park, Sunday, July 7th.

On Sunday, July 7th, P., S. & N. R. R. will run a special excursion to Rock City and Riverhurst Park. Train leaves 10:07 a. m. Round trip rates to Riverhurst Park 75c and to Rock City $1.00. For further particulars see small bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, G. P. A., P., S. & N. R. R., St. Marys, Pa.; Chas. H. Hammond, A. G. P. A., P., S. & N. R. R., Olean, N. Y.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Two Old Soldiers, Patrick McCabe and James Howard Go to Their Reward.

PATRICK MCCABE.

Patrick McCabe of Prospect Hill, Keating township, died at the home of his son-in-law, William Kingsley, of Salamanca, N. Y., on Thursday last. His death was due to the ailments incident to old age, he being upwards of 80 years old.

The subject of this sketch was born in Ireland, date unknown, and when a young man he came to this country. When the civil war broke out he enlisted in a New York Cavalry, in which he made an enviable reputation by his bravery and daring. It is said that he was one of those happy, reckless, dare-devil soldiers who was happier in battle than at mess table and that the greater the danger the better he liked it.

He possessed a warm, free heart, a ready wit and a rich brogue which made him many warm friends. A story of his army life, which shows his bravery and quick wit will bear repeating. One morning while out foraging for some Southern delicacies for the mess table he saw three soldiers in Gray who had laid down their arms, while partaking of a drink at a spring, and immediately ordered them to surrender, which they were compelled to do. He marched them back to the headquarters of his regiment. When the officer of the day asked him how he got them he replied that he had "surrounded them," and when the officer offered to relieve him of their custody he said: "Divil a bit will I; the woods are full of 'em, and if you want some go and catch 'em as I did."

Mr McCabe was married twice, both of his helpmates having gone to the Great Beyond ahead of him. To him and his first wife three children were born, one of whom, Mrs. Mary Kingsley, survive him, whom with his brother, Thomas, are the only near relatives living to mourn his loss.

His remains were brought to Smethport on Saturday, the funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church, of which he was a member, and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

JAMES HOWARD.

James Howard, an old soldier and former resident of Keating township, died at a Rochester, N. Y., hospital on Wednesday of last week. He was aged 77 years.

Mr Howard was a resident of Keating township on Cole creek from shortly after the war until about five years ago. During that time he has lived most of the time with his children. When the war broke out he enlisted with a regiment at Wellsville, N. Y., and served until the end of the unpleasantness. While in service he received what would ordinarily be a fatal wound. A bullet entered his left breast, passed through the left lung and came out at the back. He never fully recovered from this wound, but was in fairly good health part of the time.

The deceased is survived by an aged wife, two sons and two daughters, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Eva Helen of Nunda, N. Y., Mrs. M. W. Heinlein of this borough, Charles Howard of Corydon township, this county, and Edward Howard of Bolivar, N. Y.

The remains were brought to Farmers Valley on Saturday, where funeral services were held in the Union church, Rev. Smith officiating and his remains were laid at rest in Goodwin cemetery.

Smethport 15, Eldred 5.

In a swatfest at Eldred last Thursday the Smethport baseball team defeated an aggregation styling themselves as Benard's Colts by a score of 15 to 5. Only six hits were all the opponents could get off Sherburne, while thirteen bingles were tallied against Whittemore. The game was the locals from the very first inning, when six scores were made as a result of four hits, a base on balls and two errors. The errors on both sides were numerous. The tabulated score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	B	PO	A	E
McGowan, c	6	1	2	1	0	0
Estry, 1b	1	2	0	9	2	2
Kiny, 2b	6	3	1	2	2	0
Stull, rf	5	4	1	0	0	0
Glavin, 3b	5	3	2	4	4	2
Tull, ss	6	2	3	1	3	0
Sherburne, p	3	1	1	0	1	0
Denning, rf	5	0	2	0	1	0
Reilly, c	5	0	1	9	0	0
Total	43	15	13	27	13	5

Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Williams, 3b	5	0	0	8	1	1
G. Wazelle, 2b	0	0	0	0	1	0
Guignet, 2b	3	0	1	1	2	3
E. Benard, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	3
W. Llewellyn, ss	4	0	1	2	5	0
J. Wazelle, rf	4	2	1	2	0	0
F. Llewelyn, c	4	1	0	5	1	1
R. Wazelle, cf	4	0	1	1	1	0
Armstrong, lf	3	2	1	1	0	1
Whittemore, p	3	0	0	1	3	0
*Hadley	1	0	1	0	0	0
Total	35	5	5	27	14	9

*Batted for Whittemore in ninth.

By innings:

Smethport	6	0	0	0	3	2	4	0	0	—15
Eldred	0	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	— 5

Earned runs—Smethport 4, Eldred 1.
Two base hit—Reilly.
Sacrifice hits—Smethport 1, Eldred 5.
Struck out—by Sherburne 7, by Whittemore 6.
Base on balls—off Sherburne 4, off Whittemore 6.
Double plays—W. Llewelyn to Benard, W. Llewelyn unassisted.
Passed balls—Reilly 1, Llewelyn 3.
Time of game—1:40.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday.

THE ORANGE NATIONAL BANK OF McKEAN COUNTY, SMETHPORT, PA.
Which will be formally opened on Tuesday, July 9, 1907.

New Pennsylvania Pure Food Law.

The Tustin Bill, approved June 1, 1907, and popularly known as "The New Pennsylvania Pure Food Law," makes some important changes. Its general provisions, as to adulteration of foods, are substantially the same as those contained in the former Act of June 26, 1895. Its provisions are substantially in accordance with the Federal Pure Food Law approved June 30, 1906. It gives relief to retail dealers when they protect themselves by a guarantee of the quality of goods purchased in writing, procured from the vendor, and provides that the manufacturer, wholesaler and jobber selling food products shall be responsible for violations of the law. The penalty for violations of the law has been changed from fifty to sixty dollars, and the procedure is by summary conviction, while under the old law the remedy was a prosecution for a misdemeanor. The new law is much less drastic than the old. It is intended primarily for the protection of the public and its provisions will be rigidly enforced. The Commissioner asks the cordial co-operation of manufacturers, wholesale dealers, jobbers and retail dealers in the enforcement of the law.

In order to give the retail dealer the protection intended to be furnished by the statute, it is important, as already stated, that he shall protect himself by the written and signed guarantee of the vendor. Rules and regulations have been formulated and will be printed at length in the Monthly Bulletin, and a copy can be had by addressing the Commissioner at Harrisburg. The importance of the guarantee to the retail dealer must not be overlooked. The law relating to the guarantee is as follows, to-wit:

The guarantee referred to in the New Pennsylvania Food Law, approved June 1, 1907, should in all cases be a written or printed invoice guarantee upon each bill of goods purchased, signed by the vendor and substantially in the following language, to-wit:

I (or we) the vendor of the articles mentioned in the foregoing invoice hereby guarantee and warrant the same to be in full conformity with the Federal Act of June 30, 1906, popularly known as "The Food and Drugs Act" and also further hereby guarantee and warrant the same to be in full conformity with the Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, popularly known as "The New Pennsylvania Food Law" approved June 1, 1907, in that the said articles are not adulterated within the meaning of the aforesaid Act of Congress, or the aforesaid Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and that the said articles are not misbranded within the meaning of either of the said Acts.

With respect to goods now in the possession of retail dealers, they should immediately take the precaution to obtain a guarantee from the vendor in the form above designated upon the invoice now in their possession, or obtain from the vendor a duplicate invoice with the guarantee stamped, written or printed thereon and signed by the vendor from whom the goods were purchased. If this is not attended to, the retail dealer will be held responsible for any adulterated goods sold by them.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 20, 1907:

Alfred Carlson, Edward Driscoll, Mrs. Chas. Hartmayer, Miss Ida Swanson, George Thorn. Foreign—Antonio Bizzaro.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Dry Goods Bargains.

I am offering my entire stock of dry goods, shoes, etc., at great bargains. Call and see the stock before it is all gone. No such bargains can be found again.

F. W. BROWNELL.

Everyone invited to the opening of the Grange National Bank, July 9.

Golden Anniversary.

Relatives and friends to the number of one hundred thirty-three, gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Champlin at Coryville on June 27th to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Asa Champlin and America Kent were married at Willing, N. Y., in 1857. In 1861 Mr. Champlin enlisted in the civil war and served until its close. After his return they moved from their home in Allegany county, New York, to Coryville, where they have since resided. Four children, sixteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren are now living, beside a host of relatives and friends who wish for them many more years of matrimonial bliss.

The presents received were varied and bountiful. Gold to the amount of $27; a gold decorated dinner set, gold handled umbrella and other gifts too numerous to mention.

Following are the out-of-town guests: Mr. and Mrs. Green of Avon, N. Y.; Mrs. Alice Davis and Miss Florence Davis of Belmont, Mrs. J. C. Stone of Buffalo, Misses Joy and Myrtle Rice of Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Witter, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Witter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ernst, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ernst of Sartwell creek; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Slack, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell of Slack Hollow, Mrs. Elizabeth Wright and Mrs. Claud Heath of Eldred, Mr. and Mrs. Orval T[illegible] daughter and Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Champlin and daughter of Olean, Mrs. John Brown of Smethport, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Champlin of Kane, Mrs. Frank Williams of Jamestown, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Chris Digel of Port Allegany.

Editor Harrington Banqueted.

Thomas Harrington is back on the Johnsonburg Breeze, and after their regular meeting the other evening the G. A. R. boys gave a banquet in his honor. During the festivities Comrade Harrington read the following appropriate toast from his own pen:

I have traveled from Maine to Manila,
From Texas to Montreal;
I have dined with all sorts of soldiers,
From General to drummer small;
But in all my rounds of eating,
North, South, out West and East,
I do not recall one that would equal
Your Forager Ryan's feast!

I have supped of the siren "bino,"
With the natives of wild Samar,
I've burned my throat with "Vodka,"
In the land of the mighty Czar.
I have known good home-made cider,
And I've taken it cold and hot;
But to-night, I am drinking nectar,
From Ryan's big coffee pot!

So, here's to your health, good Comrades,
May your share of life's ills be light;
May you live to see many returns
Of your feasting and fun to-night—
Why who cares for the pension veto!
Let the grafter's go on and steal—
For Ryan lives, and there's forage,
We never shall want for a meal!

The Boat Races.

New London, Conn., June 28.—Before the greatest crowd that ever witnessed a race on the Thames river the Yale crew last evening, averaging four strokes to the minute less than Harvard, kept abreast of the great Cambridge crew until the last half mile, and then cracked on speed and won a great race by a scant boat length.

Never once in the whole four miles did the rival shells cease to lap each other, and the thousands aboard the observation trains and every sort of a floating craft, and those who lined the shore, sent cheer upon cheer to the eights as they fought out one of the finest contests in the history of American boating. Yale's time for the four miles was 21 minutes and 10 seconds; Harvard's 21 minutes and 18 seconds.

Poughkeepsie, June 27.—Cornell won the university eight-oared race of the intercollegiate regatta for the eighth time late last evening in the most exciting contest ever rowed over the four-mile Poughkeepsie course. Cornell's time was 20:02 3-5 seconds. Columbia was second, United States naval academy third, Pennsylvania fourth, Wisconsin fifth, and Georgetown sixth. Syracuse did not finish, her shell being rowed a half mile from the finish line.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died at his home in Knox City, this county, on July 16, 1886, of typhoid pneumonia, Mr. A. H. Smith, aged 47 years.

Mr. Smith came to this county from the lower oil country about ten years ago. He was a man of excellent physical organization, capable of accomplishing a large amount of work, and was seldom ever heard to complain of feeling ill or indisposed, until about ten days ago when he was prostrated with that terrible malady, typhoid pneumonia. The discovery was soon made by his friends that he was dangerously ill, and in one week from that day he was attacked he was a corpse. Although a native of Pennsylvania, he was residing in Illinois when the war of the rebellion broke out. No sooner had the echoes from the rebel guns which battered Fort Sumter reached the great prairie State than Smith's name was inscribed by his own hand to the muster roll of the Fifth Illinois Cavalry. In that splendid regiment he served his country until the black flag of Lesson was trailed in the dust. Not long after the close of the war the wonderful developments of the oil country attracted him back to his native State in which he resided the remainder of his days. He was one of the original members of Aiken Post, No. 288, G. A. R., if not a charter member, and he has always been faithful to the obligations of that noble organization. He was buried in Rose Hill cemetery in this place on Wednesday last at one o'clock, under the services prescribed by the G. A. R. ritual. Delegations of comrades from the Posts at Aiken, Row City and Smethport, together with a large number of his neighbors and friends accompanied his family to his last resting place. The funeral services at Knox City were conducted by Rev. J. G. Hann of Coleville, and at the grave by Commander Kepler of Aiken Post No. 288. Comrade Smith leaves a wife and nine children, besides a large circle of friends to mourn his taking off.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Keefe are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy at their residence Friday evening, July 23, 1886.

John Hafner has our congratulations. It is a bouncing boy and can already yell like a panther. August, 1886.

Tweed-Dantley.—At the residence of the bride's parents, East Smethport, August 2, 1886, by Rev. W. McGregor, Mr. George T. Tweed of Punxsutawney, Jefferson county, and Miss Millie A. Dantley.

The game of baseball between the Kane and Ridgway clubs on the latter's ground last Friday morning, August 6, 1886, terminated rather abruptly at the end of the sixth inning by the umpire, M. L. Armstrong, of this place, calling the game and declaring it in favor of the Kane club. This action on the part of the umpire was necessitated by the summary manner in which the outsiders, who had bet heavily on the Ridgways, took possession of the ball ground and interfered with the game, which promised to terminate disastrously for the club they had bet on. The score stood 15 to 13 in favor of the K[illegible]. Another game between the same clubs will be played to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon on the Bradford grounds for $1000 a side. This promises to be an intensely exciting game and will no doubt be witnessed by a large crowd of people.

Messrs. Harry Knapp, Irvin Kerns, Murray Greer, Thomas Tracy and John Quirk, of the old baseball club of this place, are now members of the Kane club and will play with that club in Bradford on Saturday of this week, in the matched game with the Ridgways.

On the 30th of July, 1886, G. M. Kearney, who was working on the head of Havens brook, one of the sources of Potato creek, on the lumber job of Penrose Chadwick, fell on the sharp edge of an axe, which cut off a rib and penetrated his lungs. He was brought to town and placed under the care of Dr. Freeman, and to the surprise of all his friends is now able to walk the streets and would go to work if the doctor would consent. The case is a somewhat remarkable one.

On Aug. 4, 1886, while driving a team before a wagon loaded with bark, Rodney McCoy of Christian Hollow, Norwich township, met with a severe accident on the road leading up the hollow. The team being balky turned off into the ditch which resulted in catching one of McCoy's legs in a wagon wheel and the bark, thereby causing two fractures below the knee. Dr. Sharp was sent for who reduced the fracture, and he assures us that McCoy is doing well. The fact that two days before the accident he became the father of a bouncing baby boy, no doubt goes far toward allaying the pain and keeping up his spirits.

D. C. Young is in Buffalo this week picking up a few bargains in merchandise for his store. Same will be sold at cost with the other goods, which are rapidly being closed out.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

MILTON'S MOTHERS.

By W. F. EGYAN.

Copyright, 1897, by W. C. Parcells.

Bess gazed through the open window, out past the school yard with its well beaten earth, trampled hard and smooth by the play of generations of children, through the orchards, now pink and white with the promises of fruition, down to where the river wound its silvery length between green banks and tiny islands.

It would be hard to give it all up, and yet before her on the desk was the formal communication from the school board of Milton township notifying her that her services would not be required during the ensuing term.

The note was cold and formal, but for weeks past she had known of the battle being waged against her. The only objection was her age, but every mother with a marriageable daughter or son had urged this objection upon the school board. Milton township was not overwell stocked with young men, and this girl from the city, with her self possessed ways, her stylish clothes and her bright face, constituted a menace to the mothers.

For once they united in a common cause and urged Bess' removal. The dimple in her chin, the soft color of her cheeks, the laughing brown eyes, the rippling hair and the delicious curves of her throat each constituted an objection that found common expression in the cry that she was too young to manage the young men who formed the upper class in the winter term.

"There's Ted Stroughton," urged Mandy Mills. "Why, he's two years older'n she be. And him trottin' over to her house every evenin' t' git help with his Latin! What does the boy want of Latin anyhow? Of course it was the teacher he wanted. When I was a girl and taught school, you 'n remember I used to while the boys good. They never had a chance to flirt with the teacher then."

Si Judson, chairman of the board, told himself that that was in part responsible for her continuation in a single state of blessedness, but Mandy was the sister of the editor of the Banner, and Si wanted to be town clerk at the next election.

So each of the other members had been approached, and the result was the letter that lay on the desk in front of the girl. Had she been re-engaged she might have spent the summer in Milton. Now she must go back to the hot city and haunt the teachers' agencies until something else offered for the coming year.

Slowly she rose to her feet and went to the door. At the threshold she paused a moment and looked around. Her eyes filled as her glance swept the empty benches and the gaily white walls with the faded maps. She had been happy here in Milton. She was looking at her schoolroom for the last time.

She slipped across the road to Judson's house and delivered the keys into the keeping of the grim faced Mrs. Judson.

"I should like to say goodby to Mr. Judson," she faltered. "He has been very kind to me this winter."

"I sent him over to the Center," his mother said stiffly. "Si ain't got no call to be gaddin' about with young girls. 'Tain't decent."

She closed the door with a nice shade of emphasis that just avoided a positive slam, and Bess turned away toward the river. She loved this stream. It was both companion and comforter, and as she reached the bank she sank into a little nook formed by a screen of bushes, and the tears that had been sternly repressed all day flowed unchecked.

When she had first come she had looked forward to the long summer days which she would spend by the river. Then she had been full of enthusiasm, and there was no question in her mind as to her continuance in the position. Now, just as the river seemed at its best, she was going back to the city. She recalled with a shudder her struggles of the year before. Her father had died just after she had graduated from college. When the small estate was settled it was found that he had lived up to every penny of his income. There was not enough left to pay his outstanding debts and leave a couple of hundred dollars for the girl. The half of this had gone for board while she sought a position. The rest, together with her small savings, must go this year. She had commenced the drudgery of life. She could meet it bravely, but it tore her heart to leave the river and the country that she loved so well.

She could see the river in town, she knew, a broad, silent stream, covered with shipping and discolored by the tides and refuse. It would be a gray ghost of her old friend, a tantalizing reminder of the river she had lost. She was still sobbing when a sharp, staccato bark resounded and a small terrier bounded into view.

Bess rubbed her eyes incredulously. The dog was fawning upon her in a very paroxysm of joy. Surely it would not be Tony, and yet on the glistening collar plate she read the name. "I am James Harvey's Tony. Tell him he's lost me." Tony was a ghost from her other life, and she threw her arms about his wiry little neck and buried her head upon his shoulder.

James Harvey, coming softly up to see what game the dog had tracked, paused a moment to contemplate the picture. Another instant he had sprung forward.

"Where did you drop from, Bess?" he demanded. "I have been searching the four corners of the globe for you."

"I have been right here," she said steadily as she offered a cool soft hand. "I had to do something, so I decided to put to use my only talent, I am—or, rather, have been—the teacher of district 4."

"And the terror of every mother with a son or daughter of marriageable age," he completed, with a laugh. "If I have been hearing about you, but the teacher never Miss Mayo."

"They are all wrong," she cried bitterly. "I did not want their sons, nor to disappoint their daughters. I just wanted to be left alone to earn my living, and they would not do it."

"I understand," he said gently. "I studied in old school 4 myself when I was a shaver. This is my home town, you know."

"You came from Milton?" she asked. "Somehow I thought you had been born in the city."

"I am a traitorous son," he laughed. "This is my first visit here since I left for college. I have bought up the Milton pulp mill and am going to settle down here for the summer. I suppose you realize that you are a trespasser on my land this very minute?"

"It won't be for long," she smiled sadly. "I am leaving for town in the morning to fill a school for next year."

"Why not stay here?" he urged. "Bess, you must know that I love you, dear. I felt I ought to wait until you left Bryn Mawr before I spoke, but I thought you understood."

Scarlet flooded her face. She had thought she understood, but when the crash came Harvey had given no sign.

"I was in Europe when your father died," he went on. "I was on a pedestrian excursion, and word did not reach me until well toward the end of summer. Then I hurried home, and you had left no trace. May I say now what was in my heart then? Will you marry me, dear?"

She restrained her impulse to yield. "It is not because you are sorry that I have lost the position?" she demanded.

"It's not a question of sympathy," he said. "It is love—love that was born long ago."

"Do you know," she said pensively, "I was trying to realize what it would mean to go back to the city and leave the river behind? I have grown very fond of the river, Jim."

He took her in his arms with a happy laugh. He was familiar with her oddity of expression and knew that, while she spoke of the river, there was a deeper reason.

"Now let the alarmed mothers set their minds at rest," he said as he settled himself with his arm about her. "A most dangerous person has been made harmless by Dan Cupid. I think I am a public benefactor to Milton."

"You are more than that to me," she whispered contentedly as, with her head against his shoulder, she looked out across the silvery blue water and realized that through it she had found peace and the man she loved.

Nutmeg For Neuralgia.

The superstitious man thrust two fingers down his collar and brought forth a string which was tied around his neck. Attached to the string was a little round dark ball.

"A nutmeg," he explained. "I wear it for neuralgia. Never heard of that cure for neuralgia? Best ever. I found it out from an old negress in South Carolina. I was suffering a thousand deaths from neuralgia. The old woman went to my wife and said:

"'Why don't you get a nutmeg and put it around his neck?'

"My wife laughed, but came and told me about it. I was suffering so terribly I was willing to try anything, so the old woman got a nutmeg, strung a little blue ribbon through it and gave it to me. I put it around my neck, and in a little while the neuralgia was gone. I left the nutmeg around my neck for a long while, thinking perhaps that particular one given me by the negress had some special virtue. Then the ribbon split and I lost it.

"This happened years ago in the south. Last week I got neuralgia again, worse than before, if that could be. I nearly went wild until my wife said, 'Why don't you try another nutmeg?'

"And I did. With the same result. It wasn't an hour before the pain was gone.

"I can't explain it. I have asked doctors, and they say they can't explain it, but they say also that because they can't explain it is no reason they should disbelieve in its efficacy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Habits of Monkeys.

In their wild state monkeys live in the woods, on the trees, and feed on fruits, leaves and insects. They live together in companies and never go alone when they wish to rob an orchard or find their food. It seems as if they had regular plans for part of them stand to watch the approach of enemies and part enter the field. They form a straight line, reaching from those within to some place beyond which is a retreat for them. When they are all arranged in due order those in the orchard near the trees throw the fruit to those outside as fast as they can gather it. These pass it over to those nearest to them till the fruit is all nicely lodged in their hut or retreat. If the one who acts as sentinel perceives any one coming, he makes a loud noise, and they all run away. Yet even then they will take some fruit under each of their arms or forepaws and also in their mouths. They are mischievous animals and annoy travelers exceedingly by throwing stones and sticks at them, and they will frequently follow them for some distance when they are passing through the woods by leaping from tree to tree. They are capable of forming strong attachments even with other animals, and they exhibit mildness, affection and docility.

Judgment Reversed.

Schoolteacher—I am sorry to complain, but Johnnie Jones has been very impertinent. Principal—You must be more patient, Miss Howard. Teach the children to respect you as they do me, and we shall have fewer complaints. What did he say? Schoolteacher—He said you were the skinniest old maid alive!—Brooklyn Life.

The Disadvantages of Schools.

"Why have you taken your son out of school without asking permission?" Father (a grocer) — But they were ruining him. I wish to bring him up to carry on my business, and they were teaching him that there are sixteen ounces in a pound.—Motto Fu Riders.

A CLEVER BURGLAR.

How He Fooled a Man Who Thought He Couldn't Be Robbed.

"R. P. Hutchinson used to say no burglar ever could get into his house without waking him," said a central station detective the other day, according to the Chicago Record-Herald, "but it remained for Chief Simon O'Donnell to put one over the famous trader.

"You know, Mr. Hutchinson was famous in Chicago's commercial life years ago and was known popularly as 'Old Hutch.' He prided himself on the fact that burglars never had got into his house and often boasted of the fact to his intimates. One day while he was at lunch with Chief O'Donnell and a number of other friends the company fell to discussing a crime that had been committed the night before.

"'I'd like to see anybody get into my house,' Mr. Hutchinson said. 'Why, I hear every tick of the clock all night.'

"'I'll bet you a dinner for this crowd,' said the chief, 'that I can produce a man who will enter your house and you will not know of his visit till morning.'

"Mr. Hutchinson accepted the wager, and it was agreed that he was to let the chief have a latchkey, so that the burglar could get in without being disturbed by some patrolman. Mr. Hutchinson also agreed to leave some article of value in the parlor where it could be found readily. The chief said the robbery would be committed within the following week.

"Three days later Mr. Hutchinson awoke in the morning and discovered that both sheets of his bed, which had been in place when he retired, were gone. So was a little antique clock he had left on the mantel. He hurriedly dressed and hastened after breakfast to the chief's office. O'Donnell saw him coming and, as he entered the office, greeted him with:

"'Mr. Hutchinson, I have two sheets and a clock that belong to you. We will have the dinner today.'

"The burglary was done by a former criminal who at the time had reformed. He did the job at the request of the chief. How did he get the under sheet? He rolled Mr. Hutchinson over, rolled the sheet after him and then rolled him back."

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The Australian water lizard walks erect.

The tree frogs of South America sing as musically as birds.

Sheep in time of famine eat the wool from one another's backs.

Gamecocks sometimes take to catching mice, which they devour greedily.

An eagle can live twenty-eight days without food, while a condor is said to be easily able to fast for forty days.

A decapitated snail kept in a moist place will, it is claimed, in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

The chameleon's eyes are situated in bony sockets projecting from the head. By this curious contrivance the peculiar little animal can see in any direction without the slightest motion save of the eye.

Ivory as a Tonic.

"Some physicians," said a druggist, "give an infusion of ground ivory and milk in the spring to stimulate and strengthen listless patients. It is a good remedy, for all I know to the contrary. Certainly it is an ancient one."

He opened a medical magazine and pointed to this quotation from Schroder's Zoology, a work published in 1637:

"Elephas (elephant)—His teeth are only used in medicine and vulgarly called ivory. The virtues: It cools and dryes, moderately binds cuts, strengthens the inward parts. It is good for the jaundice, it takes away pains and weakness of the stomach, it heals the epileptic, resists poysons, drives off spring melancholie. The dose is half a dram."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Was Harder.

It was in a country tavern, where a newly arrived commercial traveler was holding forth.

"I'll bet my case of samples," he said, "that I've got the hardest name of anybody in this room."

An old farmer in the background shifted his feet. "Ye will, will ye?" he drawled. "Wa'al, I'll have to take ye up. I'll bet $10 against your samples that my name'll beat yourn."

"Done," cried the salesman. "I've got the hardest name. It is Stone."

The old man was game.

"Mine," he said, "is Harder."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Starting It Early.

Starting with his bride on their honeymoon, a man entered a railway office and, as always in the past, bought only one ticket.

The bride noticed the oversight at once.

"Why, you bought only one ticket, dear," she said.

"That's so, dear," he answered. "I forgot all about myself."—Tit-Bits.

An Expert Accountant.

"Do you not think, Miss Smiles," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?"

"Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Giles, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."—London Mail.

The Test.

"Come in here, I wish to tell you a piece of gossip Mrs. Smith told me."

"Is it good?"

"Is it? I had to promise not to tell a soul before she would tell me."—Houston Post.

If I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my pink pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all dealers.

THE LORD'S PRAYER,

Showing the Successive Changes in the English Language.

Few scholars even are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. Following are specimens of the Lord's Prayer as used at various periods in English history:

A. D. 1158—Fader ur heinne, haleweide beith thi penne, cumin thi kungriche, thy will beoth idon in heune and in erthe. Thi suryeu dawe briend, gif ous thilk dawe. And forzif ure detters as vi yourselfen ure dettours. And lede us nought into temptation, bot delyver us of evel. Amen.

A. D. 1380—Fader ure in heavene, halewyn be thi name, thi kingdom come, thy wille be done as in hevene and eorthe. Oun urche days bred give us to daye. And forgive oure detes as we forgive oure dettoures. And lead us nor in temptation, bote delyveour us of yvil. Amen.

A. D. 1870—Oure fadir that art in heunes, hallowid be thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille done in eurthe as in heune, geve to us this oure breed ourd other substance forgyve to use oure dettis as we forgauuen to oure detouris, lole us not into temptation, but delyvar us fvel. Amen.

A. D. 1534—O oure father which arte in heven, hallowed by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyoll be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this dayve oure dayly brede. And forgive us our trespaces even as we forgive our trespacers. And lead us not into temptation, but delyver us from evell. Fyr thyne is the kindoine and the power and the glorye for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1561—Our father which are in heauen, santified by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heauen, in earth also. Give us today our supersubstantial bread. And forgive us our dettes as we forgive our detters. And lead us not into temptation. But delivere us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1611—Our father which are in heauen, hallowed by thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heauen. Giue us this day our dayley bread. And forgiue us our debts, as we forgiue our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliuer us from euill. For thine is the kingdome, and the power, and the glory for euer. Amen.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If you can smile when your rival is praised, you have tact.

There is always a demand for the man who does his best.

As a rule, other people are the best judges of your importance.

Our opinions are like our visits—more appreciated when not forced upon people.

Drifting with the tide is a slow way to get anywhere; the tide flows both ways.

The aggressive man is usually only a polite way of referring to your quarrelsome friend.

Don't air your family skeleton. People know enough about it when it is kept locked in the closet.

The most aggravating kind of a person to live in the house with is one who always has his own way and yet goes around with an abused air.—Atchison Globe.

Schopenhauer on Anonymity.

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author, and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted, so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far sounding trumpet of the newspaper he should be answerable for, at any rate with his honor, if he has any, and, if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words.—Rascal, your name! For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise—this is not the part of a gentleman; it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

Why Books Are Gilt Edged.

Have you ever wondered why the top edge of your books is sometimes gilded and the other edges left plain? The explanation of this is very simple. When a volume is placed on the shelf of a bookcase the top side is obviously more exposed to dust than the others. The object of the gilding therefore is to save the pages from being soiled, for were it not present the dust would cling to this top edge and the appearance of the book would to a great extent be spoiled.

Precept and Practice.

A child walking with his tutor stole an apple from a stall in the street. His instructor, having witnessed the theft, gave his young charge a severe lesson on the heinousness of stealing and then, snatching the apple from him, quietly ate it himself. This is the abridgment of the greater part of all history.

The Post of Being a Man.

Even though you be hard pressed and violently attacked by the enemy, still it is base to give way. Hold the post assigned to you by nature. You ask what this post is? It is that of being a man.—Seneca.

Fate.

"Marie, how does it happen that I just now saw you giving your sweetheart my cake and wine?"

"I don't understand it either, for I covered up the keyhole."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Pineules are for the kidneys and bladder. They bring quick relief to backache rheumatism, lumbago, tired worn out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood, 30 days treatment $1.00. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold by Dr. Chandwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson,

A GHOST STORY.

The Crowd of Phantoms That Dazed Three Young Women.

An experience wherein phantoms presented themselves to view in prodigious numbers simultaneously is related by a young lady whose name, at her request, is withheld, the narrative being indorsed by her sister, who was with her at the time. She writes:

"One autumn night my sister and myself, with our maid, were returning from evening service in the village church. There was a thick fog. The moon was full, but it made a sort of steam in the fog instead of shining brightly. Suddenly I saw a man at my sister's side, who had come there without making a sound. I pulled her sleeve, whispering, 'Let the man pass.' As I spoke the man disappeared.

"In another moment we were all bewildered at the sight around us. It was as if we were in a crowded street, indistinguishable figures surrounding us. Men, women and children were moving briskly about, some singly, others in groups, but all without a sound. Some seemed to rise out of the grass on either side of us and to come out on the other side. The women were dressed in bygone fashion, with high bonnets and shawls and large flounces on their dresses.

"There was one very tall man who took great strides, though perfectly motionless. We approached our own gate, where we should turn in, and then we had a long driveway to walk up before we could reach the house. I think that by the time we had reached the gate all the figures had disappeared except this one tall man. He had quite a different look from any of the others—more horrible altogether. As we entered our gate, to our intense relief, he passed by along the road and vanished. Of course we were all very frightened. The maid and my sister were crying aloud."

In a case like this, where the same spectral phenomena are witnessed by several persons, the value of the testimony obviously is multiplied a hundredfold, for, while one individual may be a victim of a hallucination, such an illusion can hardly be shared by many. What, then, is to be said in answer to such evidence, furnished by deponents of unimpeachable character and reputation for truthfulness? To suppose that they are combining in the manufacture of a lie is scarcely reasonable.—Joseph M. Rogers in Lippincott's.

The Invention of Armor.

The idea of the invention of armor for the protection of the body from weapons came from the ancients, who, noticing the natural armor of various kinds of animals, particularly the armadillo, imitated it. In early times before metal was used in armor making the warriors used rough hides of several thicknesses, and the first armor ever worn was made from slices taken from the hoofs of horses and fastened together with pegs. Fish scales and the scales of large snakes were also gathered and fastened together until they formed a thick layer and were used as armor. The armor of the middle ages was a continuation of the ancient kind, made in the form of scales of iron or steel. Certain kinds of mail used in early times in England were copied from the shells of crabs and lobsters.—Minneapolis Journal.

First Thought In Danger.

"Talking of the foolish things one thinks about even when in the midst of danger," remarked one of a group the other night, "I had promised my wife never to travel at night, and it is something I have always avoided, but necessity compelled it a few weeks ago, and as luck would have it there was an accident and the cars were derailed. As the one in which I had my berth was rolling down an embankment and I was in the midst of blankets, pillows, grips, etc., the terrible thought flashed across my mind: 'What shall I tell Molly?' Here I am traveling at night!"—Columbus Dispatch.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

The city of Corunna, where Sir John Moore was killed, is a seaport at the entrance to the estuary of the Mero river, 315 miles northwest of Madrid. The famous poem by Charles Wolfe is a misrepresentation of the scene of the burial, for Moore was not buried at night with "our lanterns dimly burning," but in the early morning of a rainy day and the assemblage of English officers round the grave was dispersed by heavy artillery fire from the French batteries, the gunners mistaking the purpose of the gathering.

Diplomacy.

"John," she said, "I notice that almost everybody is wearing earrings now."

"But, my dear," replied John, "if they had such small and shell-like ears as yours they wouldn't clutter them up that way."

Thus did diplomacy, at least for the moment, stave off a contemplated touch.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Bad Habit.

"No," growled Jigsby, "I don't like that coat at all. I don't want it."

"But," protested the tailor, "the only trouble with it is that it's too large for you. I can alter it—make it smaller for you."

"If you do that you'll merely contract a bad habit, that's all."—Philadelphia Press.

Vigorous Talk.

Diggs—Smith's wife is deaf and dumb. Riggs—Does she talk with her fingers? Diggs—I think so. Smith hasn't a dozen hairs left in his head.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?—Eliot.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $200,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.
We carry a complete and fresh stock of
FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.
AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece o
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find
Just What You Want.
A line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.
CASNOW & CO.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible

AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our price.

Dairy Supplies, Paints, Oils and Varnishes

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 4, 1901.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—See Brasted's new ad.

—Send in your news items. We are always glad to get them.

—Benjamin Jackson, an old resident of Port Allegany, died in that place last week, aged 74 years.

—According to the Genesee Times Daniel Sullivan of Irish Settlement, Potter county, is over 100 years old and is healthy and active.

—A new graft is a so-called "Chinese bulb" which is being sold by traveling fakirs. The bulbs are supposed to blossom and produce beautiful flowers but they never blossom at all, says an exchange.

—The condensed milk factory at Condersport was destroyed by fire last Thursday. The loss is estimated at about $30,000, and it was partially covered by insurance. It is thought that the factory will be rebuilt.

—An apartment house in Port Allegany was gutted by fire last Friday morning, doing damage of about $4000, on which there was an insurance of $2100. Mr. Jennie Allen, one of the inmates, was nearly suffocated by smoke and had a narrow escape from being burned to death. She was rescued by neighbors.

—The six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lamont, formerly of Odin, was drowned at Sizerville last Saturday afternoon. The little fellow went out after the rain storm had passed to fish and was gone some time before news came of his drowning. The body was recovered about 5 o'clock. Mrs. Lamont is employed at the hotel at Sizerville and was nearly prostrated at the news of her child's death.—Foster Journal.

—Yesterday a shooter for the Dupont Company shot well No. 11 for W. F. Burr at Haymaker. The team was left some distance away and in some manner became frightened and started to run. They took a rough course across lots and finally brought up against a tree, the wagon turning over onto them. There were eight "empty" glycerine cans in the wagon when it started, some being badly banged up, one having a big hole knocked into it during the runaway, but the treacherous stuff failed to explode.—Eldred Eagle.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," nausea or distressed feelings in stomach, perhaps nausea, "all gone" or "faint" or "empty" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glycerin extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the day and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

A Rebuff For Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson called one morning on Benjamin West to converse with him on American affairs. After some time Mr. West said that he had a young American (Gilbert Stuart) living with him, from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued (Stuart being thus invited to take a part in it), when the doctor observed to Mr. West that the young man spoke very good English and, turning to Stuart, rudely asked him where he had learned it. Stuart very promptly replied, "Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it. It was not from your dictionary."

An Egg In a Bottle.

A chemist has discovered a simple means of getting an egg (with unbroken shell) into a bottle of, say, the ordinary kind, used for ginger ale. All you have to do is to soak a boiled egg in vinegar for three days. The shell becomes so soft that it can easily be forced through the narrow aperture of the bottle. And once it is inside it is soaked in water for a little while the eggshell resumes its original hardness—and there you are!

He Told Her.

A good highland minister was endeavoring to steer a boat load of city young ladies to a landing place. A squall was bursting. The steering was difficult. One of the girls annoyed him by jumping up and calling anxiously, "Oh, where are we going to?" "If you do not sit down and keep still, my young leddy," said the minister pilot succinctly, "that will verra greatly depend on how you were brought up."—Dundee Advertiser.

Good Advice.

Go on in all simplicity. Do not be so anxious to win a quiet mind, and it will be all the quieter. Do not examine so closely into the progress of your own soul. Do not crave so much to be perfect, but let your spiritual life be formed by your duties and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances.—Francis de Sales.

Performed a Miracle.

Her Husband (angrily)—I was a fool when I married you.

His Wife—Aren't you a fool still?

"No; I am not."

"Then you should congratulate me upon my success as a reformer."—Spare Moments.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Hamblyck, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Souvenirs of a Criminal Career.

A bedroom papered with the flags of all nations is occupied by an artist who has a hankering for oddities. Every nationality under the sun is represented by the colors on the walls, and the effect upon a person when first entering the room is somewhat dazzling. "Those flags," said the artist, "represent a career of crime which has extended over the entire world. In fact, I am an international thief. When I toured Africa, Asia, Europe and Australia some years ago with two other fellow artists we each boasted of our ability in 'pinching' towels from the hotels at which we stopped. The fellow who got the lowest number was to pay the passage of the other two back to this country. I came in first by managing to collect 207 towels, many of which came from world famous hotels. When I got them home I immediately turned them into flags with my water colors, and they make good souvenirs of my criminal career."—Philadelphia Record.

Instinct In Plants.

Climbing plants have two opposing methods of describing spiral growth. The plants that turn to the right in the northern hemisphere reverse this trend in the southern hemisphere, and therefore, for the sake of consistency, it may be preferable to describe the two kinds of spiral tendency as respectively "clockwise" and "counter clockwise," which latter can be shortened to "counterwise." The honeysuckle and the hop turn "clockwise," while the convolvulus and the scarlet runner bean twine "counterwise." Experiments made by growing scarlet runner beans in opaque cylinders, to discover whether the deviation of the twist was innate or merely from the direction of the light, disclosed the fact that the plant possesses an inclination resembling the instinct of animals, of proceeding in a given direction, and resents any attempt to force it otherwise.

Swedenborg in Battles and Wig.

Swedenborg was a great deal in London, where he was known and admired and had several good friends, but his small knowledge of English and the impediment in his speech precluded him from any real intimacy. His slight figure, with its fine features and hazel eyes, was well known in the neighborhood of Coldbath fields, where he lodged, and he was often seen stopping to talk to the children, for whom he used to carry sweetmeats. He was always dressed in an old fashioned suit with lace ruffles and wore a full bottomed wig, carrying a sword and a gold headed cane. On Christmas eve, 1771, he had a stroke of apoplexy, and on March 29, 1772, the day he had foretold he died at the house which he had himself named.—Occult Review.

Antiquity of Tea Smoking.

"With your tea cigarettes," said the antiquary sternly, "you young ladies think yourselves very modern and decadent. But look here."

He took from a portfolio a French print of the seventeenth century that portrayed two men, with cumbrous pipes, charging the same from a box of China tea.

"This shows you," the old man said, "the antiquity of tea smoking. It was a common thing in France 200 years ago. Bienne mentions it, and Grand d'Aussay in his 'Histoire de la Vie Privee des Francais' describes it in detail. An old vice, a dead vice for the French found that tea smoking racked the nerves—how very, very foolish you girls are to have revived it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Orphans.

Two of the young friends of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford gave the authorities of the university so much trouble that they won the nicknames of Hophni and Phinehas.

One day, says T. H. S. Escott in "Society in the Country House," they were lounging about the hall at Cuddesdon palace, singing the Lutheran refrain, "The devil is dead," when the bishop suddenly appeared.

He walked very gently up to them and in his most caressing manner, placing one hand on each head, said in a consolatory tone:

"Alas, poor orphans!"

Two Hundred Species of Roses.

There are 200 species of roses in existence, though perhaps not more than fifty clearly defined families. Of these families only two are of American birth. There are thousands of varieties, however, and of these our enterprising rose growers have contributed by far the largest proportion. The eagerly sought black rose is still unproduced, though a New York florist has a dark red one which in some lights has the appearance of black velvet.—Kansas City Journal.

Made Him Hop.

Hiram Hardapple—What made Grandpap Wheatly jump ten feet and forget his rheumatics when the circus parade passed? Was he afraid of the elephants?

Zeke Crawfoot—No. He heard the steam calliope and thought it was one of those automobiles with the newfangled whistles.—Chicago News.

Human Nature.

"Why are guests so habitually discontented?" asked the landlord.

"They're not really discontented," answered the clerk. "They merely want to convey a favorable impression about what they are used to at home."—Washington Star.

The Hymn He Didn't Want.

A young man who was to be married in church to a Miss Way, after a courtship of four years, privately requested the choir not to open the service by singing, "This is the Way I long have sought."

The Compromise.

Ascum—Have Henpeck and his wife settled their differences about their visiting cards? Newitt—Oh, yes; they've compromised on "Mr. and Mrs. Maria Henpeck."—Philadelphia Press.

Reason serves when pressed, but honest instinct comes a volunteer.—Pope.

Saving a Cut Fare.

Here's a pretty tale of domestic economy from an English paper. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury and extravagance, and when bad times came and he had to go down to the city and look carefully after his shillings it was his pretty and tender little wife who helped him and encouraged him by example in small savings. One fence he never would face. He balked at taking a bus. "It might pass the club, you know, dear, and the fellows at the windows." One evening, however, he returned radiant to dinner. Tenderly embracing his life's partner, he murmured: "I've done it, darling! All the way for three pence!" Love and gratitude were in her eyes as she said: "My brave boy! Did you mind it very much?" With affectionate cheeriness he made answer: "No, dear! Got box seat; real good old sort, the driver. Told me lots of stories and was quite chatty. Capital chap! Gave him a big cigar and half a crown for himself when I got down."

How Frost Affects Plants.

Plants do not freeze to death in winter, but perish from thirst. The process is simple. The cold causes the withdrawal of the water from the cells of the plant, forming ice crystals outside of the cells. The frost, cooling and contracting the surface, acts as a sort of pump, and as soon as the cell is emptied of its life giving fluid the plant dies. The truth of this theory has been proved by numerous careful experiments. Great variation was found in the amount of cold necessary to cause the death of vegetation. Some plants dry out quickly and are killed before the freezing point is reached. Many plants will survive zero weather, and some die only at 20 degrees below. Certain vegetable growths never freeze. There are forms of bacteria that even when immersed in liquid air, the intensest cold available, come out of their bitter bath as chipper and lively as ever.—Chicago Tribune.

Precious Plant Stones.

Among the many strange things to be found in the Philippine Islands are the so called "plant stones" encountered now and again in certain vegetable growths. The bamboo, for instance, according to Kultur und Natur, contains a stone very similar to the opal, but on account of the rarity with which it is found it is much more costly than the opal. In many thousand cane stalks cut down and carefully examined there may perhaps be one in which this beautiful greenish pink scintillating stone has been formed from the minute particles of siliceous deposit that imparts its intense hardness to the outer covering of the cane. The bamboo cane stone is known as tabashir. In the fruit of some coconuts a stonelike secretion is found that is not inferior in brilliancy to the most beautiful genuine pearl.

Wonderful Builders.

A personal inspection of the pyramids made by an English quarry owner led him to the conclusion that the old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. He found blocks of stone in the pyramids weighing three or four times as much as the obelisks on the banks of the Nile. He saw a stone the estimated weight of which was 800 tons. Many of the stones were found to be thirty feet in length and fitted so closely together that the blade of a penknife could be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. There is no machinery, he claims, so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together in unison as the stones in the pyramids meet.

Ruskin to an Admirer.

Ruskin, it is known, had his own ways of publishing his works, with the result that they were sometimes hard to get and expensive. According to the Great Central Railway Journal, he once sent this letter to a stranger who wrote to him complaining of the price of his books:

84 Woodstock Road, Oxford, 4th Nov., '84.

My Dear Sir—I have ordered my publisher to send you in gift a book of mine ("Munera Pulveris") you have not read. Be content with that at present, and Carlyle. Have not you Shakespeare, cheap? And the Bible nowadays for nothing? What good do they do you? Faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

A Curious Superstition.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was this most beautiful one: When a young maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with caresses and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave in the belief that it would not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost one.

Most of us are guilty of sins of omission because they involve less effort than the other kind.

When your Watch Stops

You cannot make it go by shaking it.

When the bowels are constipated you can disturb them with cathartics but, like the watch, they will not be able to do their allotted work until they are put into proper condition to do it.

One cannot mend a delicate piece of mechanism by violent methods, and no machine made by man is as fine as the human body.

The use of pills, salts, castor-oil and strong cathartic medicines is the violent method. The use of the herb tonic laxative,

Lane's Family Medicine

is the method adopted by intelligent people.

Headache, backache, indigestion, constipation, skin diseases—all are benefited immediately by the use of this medicine.

Druggists sell it at 25c. and 50c.

"T. B. A.'s Poem."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was fond of recalling that anecdote of his own boyish daring which appears in his "Ponkapog Papers," to the effect that upon first entering James T. Fields' office in the Old Corner Bookstore his eyes fell upon that kindly editor and publisher's memorandum book, open upon the table. Mr. Fields was absent for the moment, and the youthful poet could not help noticing the impressive list of agenda: "Don't forget to mail H. W. E. his contract," "Don't forget O. W. H.'s proofs," etc., whereupon the "young Milton," who certainly deserved to succeed in his profession, wrote upon the memorandum book, "Don't forget to accept T. B. A.'s poem," and disappeared. The poem was accepted, paid for and, truest kindness of all, as Mr. Aldrich asserted, was never printed. But the resourceful youth never lost his deferential attitude toward the bearers of those famous initialed names that had once preceded his own.—Atlantic.

Spoke Too Soon.

The other day a stranger thus addressed a passenger coming out of the Union station:

"You will excuse me, sir, but isn't this"—

The passenger, without waiting for the other to finish, responded:

"Your umbrella? Well, I presume it is, sir. You will allow me to explain that I picked it up on coming out of the train just now. I have great pleasure in restoring it to the rightful owner."

The stranger expressed his thanks and quickly made off.

A few minutes later the same stranger, with a brand new umbrella tucked carefully under his arm, asked another individual the same question he had intended to ask the man who handed him the umbrella.

"You will excuse me, sir, but isn't this the nearest way to Fifth avenue?"—Kansas City Independent.

"The Almighty Dollar."

A recent headline, "Ruler of the Dollar," has suggested the inquiry, Who originated the familiar phrase "the almighty dollar?" It was Washington Irving in "The Creole Village," which he published in 1837. The phrase became so popular and excited so much controversy in consequence of a doubt whether the adjective was irreverent that its author had to explain eighteen years later that he had intended "no irreverence, even to the dollar, which he is well aware is becoming daily more and more an object of worship." "Dollar" is certainly one of the world's great words now, and it is difficult to realize that it only means "valley," the allusion having been coined after the Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, in whose valley it was first coined in the sixteenth century.—London Chronicle.

Suicide as Experiment.

A wealthy young man named Leandro Ispuzin after taking refreshment at a cafe in Naples called for pen and ink and wrote a number of notes and letters. He then quietly took out a small revolver and shot himself in the breast. One of the letters found in his pocket runs:

To the Curious Public—In this century it is impossible voluntarily to leave this world without great efforts being made on the part of newspapers and curious people to discover the cause of the deed. In my case I wished to study metempsychosis at close quarters. Is that not a fine idea? So much has been written on the subject, and it pleases me to discover, instead of talking. So I determined to die and see whether I shall be reborn in the form of some animal. It would be delightful to return to this world as a lion or a rat. This is why I wanted to die. ADDIO.

Aids to Humanity.

No women have done more for humanity and for the individual than the old, maid reformer and the old, maid aunt. There is none to whom we owe a deeper debt of gratitude and none whom we could not better spare, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan, for be sure of this, God sends old maids into the world to do the work that the rest of us leave undone.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, will omit relief for Constipation. With others all who have used will have the same opinion undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy for every ailment known to man. If physicians but find Nature's way to health. And this is simply true with regard to Constipation. The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. This, combined with Egyptian Senna, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this mixture, Cascara Bark is given its greatest possible way to correct constipation. A toothsome little Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Shoop Laboratories, from this ingredients and an effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Blow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful thegraphed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by John Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c	Emperor and Puritan 50c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c	Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You.	Give Us a Trial.

A. F. POSTER

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for simple insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 4, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATS,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. E. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. B. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

KEEP cool and the paving question will come out all right in the end.

THE Condersport Enterprise is worried for fear that Tioga county is going to try to land both the Congressman and State Senator at the next election, and bases its fear on articles which have appeared in various papers in this Senatorial district.

THE great temperance lecturer Francis Murphy, died in Los Angeles, Cal., on Monday. He was the father of Lieutenant Governor Robert S. Murphy. Years ago he lectured in Bradford and will be remembered by many of the older residents of this county.

A mourning holocaust is reported in mail advices from Hong Kong, where 500 Chinese of the audience of a Chinese theatre, and 10 of the actors, were burned to death when the native theatre was destroyed by fire. The flames spread rapidly and the building collapsed, filling the entrance with burning debris. The origin of the fire is said to have been due to the igniting of explosives concealed under the floor of the theatre, the fire following the explosion.

IN a letter to Representative Hubbard received on Saturday, the Hon. John O. Sheatz, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, said: "I take pleasure in learning of my hearty endorsement by the McKean County Republican Committee. Please convey my sincere thanks to the members and assure them of my appreciation of the great honor and compliment paid me. I shall never forget old McKean county, to whom I owe much for what was done in making my nomination possible."

A VERDICT of "not guilty" was rendered at Houston, Va., Saturday evening in the case of Judge William G. Loving, who shot and killed young Estes April 22 at Oak Ridge, following a buggy ride Estes had taken with the Judge's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Loving, who told her father that her escort had dragged and assaulted her. The jury was out just 45 minutes and the verdict was reached on the first ballot. This case in many ways is similar to the Thaw murder. The jury did not render its verdict on the "unwritten law" grounds but on the claim of "emotional insanity."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29, 1907.

The Capitol is preparing to welcome another distinguished Japanese visitor. It is Admiral Baron Yamamoto, who is on his way to this country with five other distinguished naval officers. They have been making a tour of the naval countries of Europe inspecting arsenals and dock yards and gathering statistics of naval power and ship building capacity of the various countries. Of course, this is not their ostensible object. They are merely informing themselves on modern practice in ship construction for the benefit of their home government. But it is well understood that it is not only technical information that the Japanese government will reap. The admiral and his party will stay for some days in Washington and will include in their visit all the American navy yards from Brooklyn to Mare Island. This government is preparing to make their stay pleasant for them, and they will be shown all there is to see, and then they can go home and report on the advisability of surprising the United States with a naval attack without a declaration of war, as they did with Russia.

The Department of Justice has been watching with unusual interest the course of Judge Landis of Chicago who has a chance to impose on the Standard Oil Company the biggest fine in the history of courts and corporations. The Standard this week tried its usual method of dictating to the court what it should and should not do. The charge against the company is a combination in restraint of trade, and there are so many convictions against it that if the maximum penalty were imposed in each case, the aggregate would be the immense sum of $20,624,000. Of course it is not likely that any such huge fine will be imposed. The Standard could pay it, of course, and the chances are that it would not begin to cover the amount the company has gathered by violations of law in the past ten years. But that the fine will be a stiff one is indicated by the fact that Judge Landis demanded to know the income and resources of the company before imposing it. He said in explanation that he always made a point of doing this in a case where the amount of the fine was optional with him. He did it, he said, as a matter of justice both to the public and the criminal.

The attorneys for the company coolly refused to give the information, whereupon Judge Landis subpoenaed a number of principal officers of the company including John D. Rockefeller. The attorneys have been fuming and fussing to get him to remit these subpoenas, but Judge Landis said that he knew how to run his court and did not propose to be dictated to. The Attorney General approves thoroughly of the firm stand he has taken, and the outcome of the contest is awaited with interest as an object lesson to the legal fraternity and corporations in general in their dealings with the courts.

The appeal that has been made to the the President to take a hand in settling the telegraph strike is likely to bear fruit. Commissioner of Labor Neill, who seemed to have things settled a week ago, is in communication with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the other officers of the Industrial Arbitration Commission that was founded by the President with his Nobel Peace Prize money for just such a case as this. If it is decided that the Commission shall take hold of the case, it will be the first time that it has interfered in a strike since it was established last October. Of course, it has no legal right to force arbitration on the contestants, but if the Commission drops a hint that the situation is getting out of hand and public policy demands a settlement, there is little doubt that the parties to the controversy will arbitrate.

At the same time some of the Illinois representatives in Congress who happen to be members of the Commercial Telegraphers' union are preparing a bill that will be submitted to Congress at the next session, providing for a thorough investigation of the whole telegraph problem with a view to recommending government ownership or government control. As this country is the only great power in the world that does not own and operate its telegraph lines, there is enough that is tangible and practical in the suggestion to make the commercial companies feel a little nervous. At the same time, it must be said to the credit of the private companies now operating the telegraph lines, that the service all round is a good deal better here than it is abroad. The government service in England and her colonies is not first rate, and the situation on the continent of Europe, while a little better, is by no means so good as in this country though it should be remembered that telegraph service everywhere else is much cheaper than it is in America. Whether the government could or would exert itself as the private companies do in the press service is a serious question, and it is hardly to be supposed that with the government running the telegraph as it does the postoffice there would be many of the record-breaking feats that are now accomplished in the transmission of news matter.

There has been another of the numerous stories afloat about chaos and impending revelations of scandal in the Panama Canal service. The present and particular story is to the effect that there is to be an entire reorganization of the Canal Commission owing to the discovery of graft and incompetence everywhere. One thing is very certain, and that is that Maj. Goethals and the other engineer officers who have been associated with him on the work will not resign their jobs as so many of the civil engineers have done, and they will not leave the scene of their work till they are transfered by the War Department. Now Secretary Taft says that the story is made out of the whole cloth, and that he has no intention of removing anyone, though he may send some of the civil employes down from Washington to Panama to let them get more closely in touch with their work. The Secretary says that he and the President are entirely satisfied with the way things are going, and if they are satisfied it is not likely that the private interests who are trying to interfere with the work will be able to do much to hamper it except to circulate scandal stories. And they have become so used to doing this, that it probably has become chronic with them and they may find it hard to stop.

I will mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia, the heart or the kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for blotting, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Change of Terminal at Olean, N. Y.

Commencing Monday, June 17, 1907, all passenger trains of the P., S. & N. R. R. will arrive at and depart from the Shawmut station, Union St., corner of Green, Olean, N. Y., instead of Pennsylvania station, as formerly. The Shawmut station is conveniently located near center of the business section and is reached by Union St. line of W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co. (Olean Street Railway).

Slab Wood.

16 inch hardwood slabs, only 75c per cord.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolutely pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER — OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store,
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

THE RIGHT TIME

To do your summer shopping is now.

THE RIGHT PLACE

At which to satisfy your needs is here. We have a large stock of summer millinery. A beautiful line of shirt waist and white suits for warm weather. Be sure to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Dissolution.

In the matter of the Dissolution of the JOHNSONBURG and BRADFORD RAILROAD COMPANY. | In the Court of Common Pleas of Elk County, Pa. No. 91 August Term, 1907.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Elk County on the 2nd day of July, 1907, praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the Court has fixed the 5th day of August, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., for hearing said application, for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend if they deem it expedient, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of said petitioner.

Ridgway, Pa., July 2, 1907.

McCAULEY & WHITMORE,
Solicitors for Petitioner.

L. K. Hogarth
DISTILLED WATER

Distilled water. It is water reduced to vapor and condensed. Filtered water is merely water strained through a filter. No water is chemically pure except

DISTILLED WATER.

None but distilled water used at our fountain and in our prescription work. We are manufacturing a wholesome, home made

ICE CREAM

The Pure Food Inspector has always commended our ice cream soda but this year he will be simply charmed with our plant and the source of our daily fresh dairy cream supply.

Orders for ice cream in any quantity. On Sunday until 2 o'clock and after 6 p. m.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

When you think of
PLUMBING
think of STRONG'S.

I carry a full line of good goods.

Bath Room Fixtures
Towel Bars
Soap Dishes
Shower Baths

and others too numerous to mention. All heavy nickle plated on brass.

Call and examine our goods and get prices before going elsewhere

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES. EGBIN BLOCK. Smethport

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

OUR BIG SUIT SALE IS A HUMMER.

A Few of the Bargains.

$10, $10.50 and $11 Suits at	$7.79
$12.50, $13 and $13.50 Suits at	8.97
$14, $14.50 and $15 Suits at	10.29
$16 and $16.50 Suits at	12.19
$18.50, $20 and $22 Suits at	14.69

SALE CLOSES MONDAY, JULY 8th.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT. PENNA

CLOSING OUT SALE.

Desiring to quit the mercantile business will close my entire stock of merchandise at cost. Sale on now and will continue until all goods are sold either for cash or approved notes. No goods charged.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
June 26, 1907.

The Brownell Store.

Andrews & Scull, Props.

Having disposed of the Dry Goods Department of the Brownell Store, we are in a position to carry the best and most complete line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

of any city store. Orders taken and promptly delivered. PRICES RIGHT.

CALL and SEE US.

Andrews & Scull.

JUST A WORD

WE CARRY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES — WINES — BEERS — and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford Smethport, Pa.

HOT

WEATHER

Calls for Hammocks and Lawn Swings.

We have them.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

DALY & GARLICK'S HARDWARE.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU WANT IN THE LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

OR IN

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES

OF ANY KIND WE HAVE IT.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW FIRM.

"TRY SHI-NAMEL ON YR FLOOR

Daly & Garlick.

McLean County Miner

Entered at postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 4, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Cago National Bank opens July 9. Y are invited.

—Born, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Engstrm, on Friday, July 2, a son.

—An extraordinary waist sale is advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—R. W. kon's new office on Water street is not ready for occupancy.

—The well in Sheldon Hollow is in and does give much encouragement.

—Roscoe d is assisting in McCoy's Drug Store during the absence of Frank Dunbar.

—Mt. Jewett is agitating the paving question and they bring it to successful issue.

—The stone the basement walls of the new cheese factory is being delivered on the ground.

—Nearly every newspaper in this section has given Smethport a boost since we have decided to pave.

—Builders and those contemplating building will be interested in the new ad for Holmes & Gilfillan.

—The Misses Sherburne entertained a party of young friends at the Wright House last Friday evening.

—John Carr of Mr. and Mrs. John O. Sonberg, died in Bradford on Thursday last, aged about 21 years.

—Mrs. C. Choate entertained a party of young ladies Saturday afternoon in honor her sister, Miss Margaret Smart.

The teaching the most important educational fa. Edinboro Normal trains teach Catalog free. John F. Bigler, Pres.

—Our old C. H. Bagley, has gone into the sale lumber business and opened quarters at Mt. Jewett. We wish him ess.

—George Coy, formerly of this place, has bou restaurant in Johnsonburg and his wife will conduct the business in future.

—Spend a fo fourth in Smethport. There will be p g especially doing, but you can ha nice quiet time and will probably b er and feel better on the morning e fifth.

—Services at Luke's church on next Sunday, Ju , at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. here will be a celebration of the Communion at All Saints' chapel in Smethport, at 8 a. m., and after vice and Sunday school at 9:30

—Miss Mabel Camp and Miss Gertrude Walker are entertaining a party of friends at the Walker residence on Fulton street to-day (Wednesday).

—The Grange National Bank will be opened with appropriate ceremonies on Tuesday, July 9. Come and be entertained. Good speakers will be present.

—The Smethport high school second baseball team and a team of youngsters from Eldred met on Kane field last Thursday afternoon and in an interesting game the visitors were defeated by a score of 8 to 7.

—According to the Potter Journal Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stroup caught 21 trout in Mill creek, Coudersport borough, on Monday, which weighed over 10 pounds. It also states that Mrs. Stroup caught 17 and her husband four.

—Miss Alice May Mayot and Mr. Aubrey W. Llewellyn, both of Eldred, were united in marriage at that place on Thursday of last week. The groom is a well-known ball player and has many friends here who wish them happiness.

—On Monday Judge Bonton transferred the license of Samuel St. Clair in Port Allegany from a rented building to his own which is adjoining. There was some opposition to the transfer and several Port Allegany people were here in reference to the matter.

—A party composed of Theron Lyle, Frank Dunbar, Charles Masser and Ross Colegrove left Monday morning for a trip down the Allegheny river to Pittsburg in boats. They are planning on getting to Warren for the Fourth and to Pittsburg in about two weeks.

—Ray Warren, the nine-year-old son of Chas. Warren of Duffytown, a suburb of Eldred, while attempting to jump a freight at the river bridge at noon to-day, fell under the wheels and had both feet cut off above the ankles. His condition is serious.—Eagle. The child died at the Olean Hospital the next day.

—On next Wednesday morning, July 10, at 10 o'clock, the beautiful new St. Elizabeth's church will be dedicated with fitting and imposing services. Rt. Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, Bishop of the Diocese of Erie, will officiate and will be assisted by a number of visiting priests. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend the service.

—The John H. Sparks Shows gave two satisfactory performances before large audiences. The tent was pitched on the vacant lot near the cemetery and although the grounds were wet the management of the circus put forth their best efforts in making it comfortable for all. The show carries a number of good performers, the tricks are clean and up-to-date, no gambling or rowdyism are tolerated and the John H. Sparks' circus can always feel assured of being well received in Smethport.

Personal Mention.

—J. B. Quast of Norwich was a visitor in town Tuesday.

T. H. Pancoast is in Alden, N. Y., on business this week.

John E. Mullin of Kane was a business visitor in town Monday.

Miss Mayme Hinman is visiting Miss Rose Riggall in Bolivar this week.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. VanDyke of Kane were visitors in town this week.

Miss Nellie Masser was visiting friends in Buffalo the latter part of last week.

Ben Young and Charles Liebel left Monday for a visit to Olean and Buffalo.

Mrs. Edward Riggall and son of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, are visiting friends in town.

Nels Berg of Newerf was a pleasant caller at this office while in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Backus returned Friday from a visit to Chicago, Milwaukee and Manistee.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan and child of Mt. Jewett were visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. Emma Gillis of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, is the guest of her nephew F. W. Brownell, and family.

Roy Colegrove, who has been employed at Hazelhurst in the bottle factory, is home for the summer.

Master Noble Schoonmaker has returned from Sugar Grove Seminary where he has been attending school.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer left yesterday for Austin where they will spend the Fourth with their son and family.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman, who is a member of the faculty of the Edinboro Normal School, is visiting at her home here for a few days.

Mrs. Guy H. McCoy is entertaining the parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Dunbar of Obi, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Allen of this place at Frog Camp this week.

Miss Genevieve Stevenson, a former teacher in the Smethport schools and now a teacher in the Philippines, is visiting relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity.

Chas. E. McCoy has gone to Copake Iron Works, Columbia, N. Y., for the summer. He will assist in caring for a number of children for the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Bardick returned Friday from an automobile trip to Chautauqua Lake and Youngsville. They were accompanied home by Mr. and Mrs. H. Colley of the latter place.

Present Status of Child Labor Law.

Inasmuch as the legislature recently adjourned passed no legislation affecting the duties of the Department of Factory Inspection, it is timely to advise employers and others of the present status of those portions of the law of 1905 affecting child labor. The difference is in the issuing of certificates. The law of 1905 requires that if the child were between 14 and 16 years there be first an affidavit of age of the employed child made by the parent or guardian. This affidavit was the basis of a certificate to be issued in duplicate by the Superintendent or by the Department of Factory Inspection. About a year ago, however, two courts decided that certain requirements of corroborative evidence of age and education were unconstitutional. Since that time the department has been using an abbreviated form of the duplicate certificate, in the expectation that the legislature would act on the matter. It did not act, and Chief Inspector Delaney, by advice of the attorney general, decides that a matter so important as the protection of childhood must not longer be trusted to expediency or the hazard of unconstitutional law. A provision of the act of May 29, 1901, is therefore revived by the declared unconstitutionality of section 5 and 6 of the act of May 3, 1905. This makes the requirement for children between 14 and 16, before they may be legally employed, as follows:

An affidavit of the age, date and place of birth of the child is to be made by the parent and guardian or by the child if he has neither and this affidavit is to be kept on the file by the employer, and to be returned to the child when employment ceases.

There is all there now is to the matter of certificates, and the schools have nothing to do with their issuance. It is hoped, however, that teachers will co-operate with the department to prevent infractions of the law and aid in the punishment of offenders.

The department has ordered the new affidavit blank from the state printers. Meanwhile persons authorized to attest affidavits may write them out, endorsing them: "This paper meets all legal requirements for the employment of a child between the ages of 14 and 16 years."

Under 14 a child may not be employed in any establishment and vacation time does not suspend the law in any particular.

Public school teachers have now no right under the law to issue either the old form 6, or the new affidavits but the department will honor all the old forms if properly made out and bearing date prior to the first of June, 1907. In all other particulars the law of 1905 stands and must be observed.

Parcel Room Service Available at All Pennsylvania Railroad Stations.

For the convenience of the public, beginning July 1, patrons of the Pennsylvania Railroad will have the privilege of checking hand baggage and other small articles in the baggage room at all ticket stations which do not now have special parcels checking rooms. A charge of five cents for 24 hours or fraction thereof will be made for each article checked, except from Saturday noon until Monday noon when goods will be held for five cents. After the first 24 hours, an additional charge of ten cents for each additional 24 hours or fraction thereof, with a minimum charge of $1.00 per month.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wanted.

Canvasser for high grade extracts, perfumes, toilet articles, etc. 50% com. Address M, care MINER office.

Window and Door Screens

Made to order, or the factory grades.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Grangers, don't forget, Grange National Bank opens July 9.

"Red Dwarf Ink Pencil" uses ordinary ink; makes carbon copies, don't leak. Doctors, salesmen, agents, merchants, lodge secretaries send $2.50 for returnable sample. Agents wanted. H. O. Singer, 839 5th ave., Pittsburg.

"MERODE" (Hand Finished) UNDERWEAR

Underwear.

This underwear is made by Lord & Taylor and is a great favorite with the Ladies. I am exclusive agent for Smethport.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

You Pay No More for

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

than the ordinary kind—but you get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery is guaranteed to wear for six months without holes.

If a hole develops, if darning is necessary inside of six months we will give new ones without a murmur and without fuss. They are sold in boxes of six pairs—at $2 a box colors black, brown and pearl for either men or women.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

EXTRAORDINARY WAIST SALE.

Less Than Manufacturer's Cost.

ONLY 88 IN THE LOT. ON SALE FRIDAY MORNING.

We've bought a manufacturers line of samples of fine white and colored shirt waists and dressing sacques. After July 1st the waist makers commence on their fall lines. The spring samples have served their purpose so that the man there with the cash can get them at his own price.

We were fortunate in being able to secure this lot which we pass on to our customers at the same big reduction and bear in mind please that samples are never slighted in quality or workmanship. You save from 50c to $1.85 on each waist. Worth while isn't it. Be on hand early Friday morning.

Waists 50c to $2.90. Regular prices $1.00 to $4.75

Sacques 19c to 75c. Regular prices 35c to $1.25.

Sizes mainly 34, 36 and 38, a few larger.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Are They Afraid?

There are in this neighborhood agents for several "bucket bowl" cream separators. "Bucket bowl" separators are the kind with big bowls, full of parts, set on top of their spindles. Those agents say to farmers intending to buy a separator; "Look out for the Tubular," or "Don't try the Tubular," or "Beware of the Tubular." To hear them talk you would guess right away that

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

is the best cream separator made, and that these "bucket bowl" fellows are afraid of it. And they are afraid of it. The Tubular surpasses every other separator in every particular, and you should take good care you do see a Tubular before you buy a separator. J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

U All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

BUR AND BACHELOR.

By TROT ADAMSON.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

Jarvis selected a comfortable looking rock, lit his pipe and leaned against the chestnut tree.

"This is the loneliest spot in the neighborhood," he said, after a meditative puff. "It's my favorite place to come alone and think."

The woman raised her eyebrows quizzically.

"So sorry if I disturb you," tranquilly, "but an old bachelor never knows when he is favored by the gods. It's useless to cater to his pessimism. A woman more or less doesn't increase his misery to any great extent. It was too far for me to come alone, you see."

"Oh, I don't mind you! Don't take it to heart." He tilted his back more comfortably to the tree trunk and fixed his eyes upon the blue ridge of mountains that circled around the valley beneath them. "I get on well enough with women—if they leave me out of the pink tea business and don't expect raptures. I've passed the rapturous age."

She had put some chestnut burs on the rock in front of her and was pounding them with a small stone. She left off long enough to look him over reflectively.

"One might reasonably wonder if you ever had been young enough to rhapsodize—it's hard to associate you with the idea." She put a plump chestnut between her teeth and crushed it with obvious pleasure. "It would really be worth one's while to spend some effort trying to make you rhapsodize. I'll admit that I also have partially outgrown that stage—most women of thirty have—but it would be rather amusing to my bias' mind to see you struggling through a proposal."

His mouth in the mountains had given him a good coat of tan, but she saw a swarthy flush rise to his face.

"You are all alike," he grumbled, "always wanting compliments and wanting a man to act the fool generally.

SHE GATHERED THE LAST BUR WITHIN HER REACH.

I've only known you a month and was fool enough to think I had found a woman who didn't care for them."

"There is no such woman in existence, dear man." She pounded open another bur energetically. "You need not ever let one fool you in that way. Now, as for me, I have kept you thinking me sensible for a whole month. I let you talk about the Isthmian conditions and the trust problems—I even flatter myself that I conversed intelligently enough upon the subject to hold your attention—but as for compliments, I just love 'em!"

Jarvis turned his gaze from the mountain back to her animated face.

"I should have thought you would have grown tired of them long ago," he said in unconscious tribute.

"That does very well, coming from a woman hating bachelor, but it might be improved upon. For instance, the 'long ago' sounds a bit doubtful."

"There the woman speaks again," he grumbled. "She can't bear the idea of any one's even approximating her age. Now, I know you have been a widow seven years, yet you would probably be pleased if I refused to believe you were a day over eighteen."

She gave a little irrepressible gurgle of amusement.

"We don't marry quite so young in our part of the country; but, even so, it's better than reaching the forlorn state you have achieved."

"It is rather an achievement," he said complacently, "when all one's relatives and friends seem afflicted with a mania for matchmaking."

"Then you should not be so—fascinating," she said, with impudent sarcasm.

He sat erect, bracing both hands on the ground beside him.

"So what?" he shouted in a mirth that set the rocks echoing.

She beat open another bur nonchalantly.

"Oh, well, you are rather good looking, you know. If your manners were a little better you might be—er—a tiny bit fascinating. I am not speaking about your achievements," hastily, "merely your potentialities."

"Say, are you trying the compliment racket on me?" he demanded suspiciously.

"No, indeed!" A man of more experience in reading the female expression would have detected too great a show of innocence in her eyes. "I never referred to your looks at all—in fact, I don't know that I should call you exactly good looking, just strong and muscular looking."

This time the flush on his face had a tinge of gratification in it.

"That's all the looks a man has any business caring for," he agreed and felt a sneaking desire to tell her that he had been the star man on the football team at college and that there was not a man at the club now who could bruise him with a boxing glove.

"You see, we are all more or less alike—men and women." She contemplated him from the corner of her eye. "Now, I have a special weakness for being told that my hair has a tinge of red in it, and you like to be called 'strong.'" She again gave a little gurgle of merriment.

"You ought to have been named Delilah," he said in disgust; "there was the very essence of treachery in the way you rounded me up then."

She climbed up the rocks to reach a limb that hung heavy with huge burs. She broke them off gingerly, throwing them one by one at his feet.

"They remind me of old bachelors," she said, holding a large prickly one between her thumb and forefinger, "but with a little experience a woman of intelligence can manage them fairly well and avoid the prickles. I don't suppose, if I hadn't been a widow with a certain amount of knowledge of the characteristics of man, that I would ever have got you sufficiently time to have been allowed to take these woodland strolls with you."

There was a glimmer of admiration in his eyes as she stood on the gray, moss covered rock, her slim figure reaching up to the deep green of the chestnut bough. She gathered the last bur within her reach and threw it at him energetically.

"That is for you to keep as a souvenir," she commenced, but her voice broke in a gasp of alarm as she lost her footing on the mossy rock and fell on the ledge below.

Jarvis, his face anxious and white, lifted her gently, and her head fell on his shoulder.

He gazed helplessly until the stillness of the woods grew oppressive.

"My dear, oh, my dear," he said anxiously, putting his cheek against hers, "if you would only open your eyes—your beautiful eyes."

The corners of her mouth betrayed her to an involuntary smile. She gave him one look, then put her head back on his shoulder.

"I'm not hurt—much." There was a mixture of emotions in the mirth of her voice. "But I do so love to hear you say that, and I told you that neither a bur nor a bachelor was hard to manage—if one knew how."

Coming to His Title.

Titles have rarely been conferred upon native Americans by European sovereigns, but several have succeeded to titles by inheritance. One of these was Sir John Davie, the first town clerk of Groton, Conn., who was graduated at Harvard in 1691. The story of his reception of the news of his succession to a baronetcy is told in the pages of "In Old Connecticut."

One day Davie was hoeing corn on the plains in company with John Peabody, a neighbor, both men in homespun and barefooted, with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows and their trousers up to their knees, when a stranger clad in the latest London fashion appeared and asked the official if he were John Davie.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then I salute you, Sir John Davie of Creedy Park, Devon," said the visitor.

Tradition says that the new baronet finished his row—he was hoeing on a wager with his fellow worker—then he accompanied his visitor to the brown homestead, treated him to cake and wine and learned the whole story—how his uncle, Sir John Davie, Bart., had died without male issue, leaving his nephew sole heir.

In a short time the Poquonock farmer exchanged the brown farmhouse for an English estate. He never forgot his native land, however, and always retained his interest in Groton. He aided the settlers to build their new church and when it was finished presented it with a silver communion set. He also made gifts to his relatives and was one of the early benefactors of Yale college.

Hunting in Bygone Days.

What long apprenticeship the would be huntsmen had to serve in bygone days! Gaston de Foix considered a beginning should be made when the child had reached the age of seven, when it should be placed in the kennels. King Charles says that to become a perfect huntsman the young gentilhomme who is intended for the post of veneur should be taken at the age of twelve. He must be healthy and well built; he must have good sense and especially a quick and prompt judgment. One of the principal things required is that he should be painstaking. Also, 150 years later we have D'Yauville telling us that a man needs two years' tuition to qualify as a huntsman! It was not only the paid gentlemen of the hunting establishments, however, who became real connoisseurs, for their royal masters took such personal interest in everything connected with the chase that most of them knew all their hounds by name and on the eve of a day's hunting would name each hound that was to be taken out. They also prided themselves on being able to faire le bois themselves—that is, go out with their lymers in the morning and quest for and harbor the stag.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for

AN OLD PROVERB.

"A Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned" Is Almost Universal.

Like most of the world's old proverbs "a penny saved is a penny earned" is probably, in some form or other, universal. In Germany there are three forms of it—"A penny saved is a penny gained" ("Ersparter Pfennig ist so gut wie erworbene"), "A penny saved is twopence got" ("Ein esparter Pfennig ist zweimal verdient") and "Penny is penny's brother" ("Pfennig ist Pfennig's Bruder"). In Spanish, "A penny spared is a penny saved" ("Quien come y dexa, dos veces pone la mesa"). In Dutch, "A penny spared is better than a florin gained" ("Een stuiver gespaard is beter dan een gulden gewonnen"). In Danish, "A penny in time is as good as a dollar" ("En Skilling er i Tide saa god som en Daler"). In French, "Saving is getting" ("Qui epargne, gagne") Similarly in German, "Saving is a greater art than gaining" ("Sparen ist grossere kunst als erwerben"). Danish "Money saved is as good as money gained" ("Den Penge man sparer er saa god som den man avler"). Italian "Money is money's brother" ("Il danaro e fratello del danaro"). But money is no gain when it "advances meacbecks" ("Deniers avancent les bedlers"). English, "Penny and penny laid up will be many," and "Who will not keep a penny shall never have many"—he who is prodigal of little can never have a great deal.—London Notes and Queries.

SOME BIG BITES.

They Show the Power of the Jaws of the Crocodile.

The power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific, says Sir Samuel Baker in his book on wild beasts.

Once, he continues, he had the meta of a large hook the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the shank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing seventy pounds bitten clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of the snap of the jaws of a crocodile.

A Frenchman, M. Paul Bert, once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds exerted a force of 808 pounds in closing his jaws. The lion has an enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

A Tough Cure.

Faith will do wonders. A woman in Devonshire, England, recently said to a chemist:

"I've got a cruel, bad cough, surely. I've heerd that bronchial troches are good things. Have you got any?"

The assistant pointed to a small box on the table and said:

"Yes; there they are."

"How much is it?" was the inquiry.

The price was paid, and the old woman took her departure. At night the assistant missed a box of glycerin soap (three cakes).

A couple of days afterward she returned to the shop and said:

"I want to take back two of them things I had t'other day. I took one of 'em. It was mortal hard to chew and awful to swallow, but it cured the cough."—London Queen.

Is Friday Unlucky?

Is Friday unlucky? Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Washington, Bismarck, Fahrenheit and Spurgeon were born on Friday. Henry VIII. gave Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America, Columbus actually discovered the continent, and the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock on Friday. Once more: The first newspaper ad. and the first newspaper printed by steam power (the London Times) appeared both on a Friday, while the stamp act was repealed in England on the same day of the week. With Charles Dickens Friday was an especial favorite.—Chicago News.

The Horseshoe.

According to the old superstition, if you find a horseshoe and nail it over a door or on a door of entrance to your house or flat witches cannot enter. This belief is universal. The horseshoe as an amulet is known among Turks, Jews, gentiles, infidels, believers, heretics. The crescent emblem of the Buddhists is a horseshoe. The safeguard against witchcraft may be found in Tunis, Constantinople, Spain, Sicily. Images of crocodiles made in Cairo carry horseshoes on snout and tail. The rich and aristocratic, the poor and lowly, believe alike in the efficacy of the charm.

Seneca on Insults.

Does this injury befall me deservedly or undeservedly? If deservedly, it is not an insult, but a judicial sentence; if undeservedly, then he who does injustice ought to blush, not I. And what is this which is called an insult? Some one has made a joke about the baldness of my head, the weakness of my eyes, the thinness of my legs, the shortness of my stature. What insult is there in telling me that which every one sees?

A Bad Scheme.

Mrs. Scraggs — And why did your new girl leave? Mr. Blinks—I paid her in advance. Mrs. Scraggs—I shouldn't think she would object to that. Mr. Blinks—She didn't. It pleased her so she couldn't work.

A financial genius is a man who can have a family and money at the same time.—New York Press.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.

PLANTING TROUT.

One Point on Which the Old Man Wanted More Light.

It was the policy of the officers of a certain railroad line in all their advertising matter to place great stress on the excellence of the trout fishing to be reached by their lines, and in order to provide the trout it was necessary from time to time to plant the advertised streams with fry.

On one occasion an old gardener named Conelly, who had charge of the station grounds, was sent out with the cans of fry, procured from the state hatchery, and a railroad map marked to show exactly where to plant the tiny fish.

Conelly returned that night, however, with part of the fry still unplanted. He needed further instructions from the general passenger agent, who had marked the map.

"Say, mister," said Conelly, scratching his perplexed head with one hand and pointing to the can with the other, "shall I plant thim fish wid the tails up or down?"

"Why," shouted the irascible agent, "you thundering blockhead"—

"Aisy, aisy!" murmured Conelly. "Ol'm no such blockhead as ye'd think. The spot on the map where ye towld me to plant thim trout is all billed down to mud. If thim small fish is to go in that shtream at all, at all, 'tis wan by wan they'll have to go in, like banes. All I'm askin' is this. Is it hands up ye'll have thim, or tails?"—Youth's Companion.

NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE.

Where Cents Are Common and Big Bills Are Eyed With Suspicion.

"When you think of the millions in New York and the money spent on Fifth avenue and Broadway," said the woman, "it is pitiful to see the dearth of it on the east side. It is noticeable most of all in the change they give you—always pennies. Go to the grocery and you come back with your pocketbook filled with pennies. Fortunately they are not cart wheel pennies such as they have in England or you would have to call a messenger boy to carry them home for you.

"I went into a little place near First avenue the other day to have my face massaged. The masseur was an accomplished Austrian. He did the work beautifully, but when I handed him a dollar—it was 50 cents I owed him—he handed me back 20 cents of the change in pennies. I don't know why, but it seemed a pitiful thing to me that he shouldn't have had that much silver in change in the house.

"They stare at you aghast, these east side people, if you ask them to change a five dollar bill. They are afraid it may be counterfeit. And as for a ten—they won't change a ten at all on First avenue."—New York Press.

He Was Overdue.

The master of a large southern plantation would fire off a small cannon every evening at 9 o'clock as a signal to the people living on his land. One evening at the time for the usual boom the master was away. Two of his negroes, John and Jim, had long desired to fire the cannon, but had never had a chance to do so. They decided to make the trial on this afternoon, but thought that it would be best for them to have the cannon make no sound. It was decided that Jim should hold a water bucket over the mouth of the cannon while John applied the fuse. The piece was touched off, there was a great boom, and John looked up to find that his friend was gone.

When the master returned John was very busy in the field. "John," said he, "where is Jim?"

"He went down to the spring after a bucket of watah, sah."

"When is he coming back?"

"Well, sah, if he come back like he went, he's sure due heah now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wouldn't Tip, So He Grew a Beard.

I knew a man who was a conscientious objector to tipping barbers and could not shave himself. He told me once that, according to careful calculation, he had been forced to travel considerably more than 100 miles during one year in order to find new barber shops where his unbending attitude on the tip question was unknown and to spend rather more than £5 in bus and cab fares in doing so. Finally, having exhausted the whole of inner London and most of the suburbs, he had to give up the struggle and grow a beard.—London Truth.

What Strawberries Really Are.

The pulpy portion of the strawberry is not really a fruit nor even a berry, but is a cluster of dry seeds slightly imbedded in a mass of pulp. The little seeds are the true fruit. It is surprising that the pulp enlarges; that it does not remain small and dry. By some wise provision of nature the pollen not only directly gives life to each seed on which it falls, but also stimulates the surrounding portion of the receptacle (originally small and hard) to grow into the soft, juicy and lustrous form.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

More Speed Mania.

Miss Polly—Just to think, Aunt Matilda, Jason Hardapple ain't been calling on Sue Waggs but two years and last night he actually proposed. Aunt Matilda—Do tell! I declare this here speed mania has reached Bacon Ridge at last.—Chicago News.

Obeyed Instructions.

Man of the House—Verona, I told you to call me at 7 o'clock sharp this morning. Domestic—I called ye as sharp as I could, sorr, but I couldn't wake ye.—Chicago Tribune.

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same.—Emerson.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROPR.

PRICE OF A LIFE.

Willing Murderers Plenty in the Slums of London.

I am told that a ten pound note will buy a man's life in London—that any unscrupulous person can fall into the Thames on a dark night or break his neck on finding a slippery dark corner or fall under a van if a little bit of crisp paper changes hands, says a London writer.

I know that a very distinguished playwright, wishing to work out the plot of a melodrama, went into a high class den of thieves, made friends with some of the leaders and unfolded to them as something he wished to put into execution the plan he had devised for his villain's action.

He told his listeners that there was a very important financier he wanted out of the way for forty-eight hours while he played the very dickens on the Stock Exchange with the stocks the financier controlled. He suggested to his listeners that an attractive lady and a yacht would be the simplest means of insuring this object.

His hearers concurred. They knew the very yacht for the purpose. A skipper and a crew could easily be produced, and concerning the lady there would be no difficulty whatever.

"Then, after the forty-eight hours, we will of course bring him back," said the dramatist brightly, thinking of his fourth act.

A cloud came over the faces of his audience: "Well, guv'nor, of course, if you wish it, but it would save such a lot of questions being asked if he just went quietly overboard," the spokesman suggested.

THE WHITE LADY.

Warning Death Phantom of the Reigning House of Prussia.

On the night before the battle of Saalfield Prince Louis of Prussia and his adjutant, Count Nostitz, were chatting in the Schloss Schwarzburg Rudolfstadt. The prince was anticipating victory when he suddenly turned pale and rushed from the room, pursuing through the hall a shadowy white robed figure. The sentinel saw it also.

Next day Nostitz and the prince saw the white lady on a hill wringing her hands in despair as the Germans fell back. A few minutes later Louis was killed and Nostitz wounded. Nostitz told the story to his son, and the son to Unser Fritz.

The white lady's first appearance was when she was seen in the palace at Baireuth in 1486. She appeared eight or ten times in the next century. When the French officers were quartered in Baireuth she frightened them, in particular, General d'Espinois, who, the day after he had seen her, pointed to a portrait on the wall and cried: "It is she! That means my death!" He was killed soon afterward.

The superstitious Napoleon wouldn't sleep in the castle, but the white lady went to see him elsewhere. She was seen before the death of the beautiful Queen Louise, of Frederick William III., of Frederick William IV., of Unser Fritz himself and of many other members of the reigning house of Prussia.

Youthful Essayists.

In the Hull elementary schools a prize was offered for the best essay on the evils of drink, and nearly 12,000 pupils competed. Extracts from their compositions were given by Dr. Eccles in a lecture before the Society For the Study of Inebriety. He quoted the following gems:

"Today many people are in jail for committing suicide while under the influence of drink."

"Alcohol has an effect upon a medical man's conclusions."

"Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst."

"Doctors say that the increased death rate shortens lives."

"Some people think that the abuse of drink is right; some take it as a medicine."—London Tit-Bits.

In the Waist.

She was examining her new waist by the aid of the big mirror. "Dear me," she exclaimed pettishly, "I can't see anything pretty in this!"

"Well, I can," chuckled the young man who was sitting on the sofa.

"Really! And what do you see pretty in it?"

"Why, you."

And then she blushed and said she thought the waist was just too lovely for anything.—Chicago News.

Progress.

Progress in the sense of acquisition is something, but progress in the sense of being is a great deal more. To grow higher, deeper, wider as the years go on, to conquer difficulties and to acquire more and more power, to feel all one's faculties unfolding and truth descending into the soul—this makes life worth living.—James Freeman Clarke.

Tart Reply.

Mrs. Hautton (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago. Mrs. Inglefo—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—London Tit-Bits.

"Any Wife to Any Husband."

"Hang it all, my cigar's gone out," he said. "It spoils a cigar, no matter how good it may be, if you let it go out." "A cigar," she observed, "is in that matter not unlike a man."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Popular Recreation.

"Where are you going, Sandy?" said one Scotchman to another. "Doon to the club," said Sandy. "And wha' foor?" "Just to contradeect a wee bit."—Detroit News.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. E. Murray.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Soulon, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Blaine township.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Hibbard, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy S. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffin, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. F. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Hagstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. M. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Denning, F. L. Shurburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Stone.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. Sackett.
Clerk—

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. RHODES, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 89, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree 1st meeting, 1st degree, monthly, 2nd degree, 2nd meeting, 3rd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
O. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BUELL, Post Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGGS, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge No. 182, meets Tuesday evening at each week in Karns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 9, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday nights.
ELIZABETH [illegible], Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, No. 332, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings each months at W. C. T. U. Hall, Jackson Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES L. [illegible], Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
MRS. E. [illegible], Pres.
MRS. MARY K. RICHMOND, Sec.

P. H. C.—Smethport Grove, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 19, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARY [illegible], W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOURNHOUSE, Sec.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Monday, Warden's degree. Third Monday, Chief's degree. 3rd Monday [illegible].
A. ABBEY, §
L. K. HOGARTH, C. [illegible].

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—[illegible] Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3:00 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber [illegible], Rector. Services every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 3:00 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber [illegible], Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in St. Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday, 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:00 p. m. Prayer meeting each Thursday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost Daily at the Price of Weekly.

The President's reign is over but the world goes on the same and it is full of news. It is promptly and impartially what you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to your subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-World's diligence as a publisher has given it circulation in every English language is spoken—it is read.

The Thrice-a-World's regular subscription price is $1.00 per year. We offer this great newspaper and the MINER one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is $3.00 per year.

THEIR WEDDING DAY

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

Her wedding gown was Mary's first pretty dress. All her little girl life she had worn the cut down and pieced together garments of Lelia and Margaret.

Lelia and Margaret were the handsome sisters. Mary was little and thin, her one beauty a thick braid of red gold hair that she wound about her head like a coronet.

When she slipped the shining wedding dress over her shoulders and looked at herself in the glass she laughed a little.

"Why, I'm almost pretty," she said to her sisters.

Lelia and Margaret were dressed in pink. They were to be her brides-

"I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT MARY," MAIDS AND THEY CARRIED BIG BOUQUETS OF CARNATIONS.

Mary's bouquet was of lilies of the valley and violets.

"What a pity that Walter remembered!" she said.

"Remembered what?" Margaret asked.

"The violets."

"You are the first girl of Walter's that has violets," Lelia told her.

Mary blushed.

"I don't see why Walter has had so many girls that you need to say that, Lelia," she said.

"Lelia" sparkled above the pink carnations.

"Oh, well, course you aren't the first."

"Perhaps the very first that he thought to," Mary said slowly, "but the first he really wanted to marry."

"Walter don't tell everything," Lelia said tingly.

Mary turned away from the glass.

"I guess he waiting for us," she said, and they went downstairs together.

Every one it was a pretty wedding, but Mary was rather pale.

"But they never did have much color" the conclusion of the village folk, pinned their faith in beauty to buy milkmaid variety and had admiration for Mary's delicate order.

Walter spoke on the way to the station.

"You ought have had red cheeks for me today," he said, and she trembled a as he laid his hand over hers.

They were city, reaching there after dark. Their room at the quiet hotel they found flowers—violets and narcissus sent by some of Walter's business friends.

"I told him to send violets," Walter said as he helped her off with her coat and kissed her.

Mary, without still on, stood by the table and looked at the flowers. Suddenly she said, "Who was the other girl with violets?"

"The other—"

He was on opposite side of the table, smiling, his boyish face a little tremulous the thought of the place and the "There was never any other girl," he said.

"Lelia said so," she persisted, "and you used her violets."

"Lelia!" he cried.

"Yes, Lelia said."

He came to the table and took her hands. will not let what Lelia said spoil wedding day, will you?"

"She said she'd told me everything," Mary said, "and I think I ought to know."

His eyes before her steady glance.

"Lelia should said anything."

"Who was it?" She held her hand on his shook it a little. "Who was it, Walter?"

He looked at her, troubled.

"It was Le said finally, and his face was—"

"Oh!" Mary. "Oh, Walter!"

He thought going to cry. She dropped air and sat there shaking and t, but she did not cry.

Walter kne her. "I didn't love her as I Mary," he whispered.

"But you k and you would have married she would have been here if had your way."

Mary accused him, "here on your wedding day."

He tried to take her hand, but she drew back and hid her face in the cushions of the chair. "And Lelia is so much prettier than I am, she said between quick breaths.

In another moment she was sobbing wildly. "You ought to have told me."

"Hush," he said, with his hands on her shoulders. "Hush!" And there was a man's masterfulness in his tone.

"Look at me, Mary." He drew her up out of the chair and held her hands so that she could not put them over her face. "Look at me."

"I ought not to have told you," he said, as she, still sobbing, lifted her heavy lids and met his glance. "You are wrong. I ought not to have told you. No one should have told you. I ought not to tell you now—no man has a right to talk of these things—but Lelia has brought it on herself. I was nice to her, and I thought I loved her, and I told her so, and at last we were engaged."

"Oh!" Mary said and drew away, but he held her firmly.

"And I did send her violets, but after awhile I began to send her roses, big scentless ones, and she asked me why, but I did not like to tell her that it was because she reminded me of them; that I had not found any sweetness or fragrance in her, and that I dreaded the day when I must take her to my heart—and then, oh, Mary—you came." He paused and went on, with a break in his voice. "The first time I saw you after you came home from teaching in the country I knew you were the girl I had been looking for all my life. And one day I told Lelia. I don't suppose it was the thing that a man would do in a story book or in a play. They always marry the wrong ones, you know. But I felt that marriage without love would be as bad for Lelia as for me, and I knew by that time that she did not really care for me—"

"Lelia didn't let any one know of the engagement, and so when it came to an end there wasn't any talk. But Lelia couldn't forget me and if she had left it alone you need never have known, you needn't have been unhappy, you needn't have distrusted me."

Mary's face was hidden against his coat.

"I've been unhappy all day," she whispered.

"On our wedding day? Mary!—"

"I'm sorry," she whispered again.

Outside the night deepened and darkened. The house had grown quiet, the noise of the busy streets was stilled.

He lifted his head, with a little laugh that had in it a deeper ring than that of gayety. "I'm not sorry," he said, "for now the last shadow of distrust is down, and you are mine and I am yours, and ahead of us is only happiness—Mary!—"

A Good Reason.

Manders is very severe on his little son. He says that the boy has got to grow up a sensible member of society, and he (Manders) will see that he does. He had just spoken very sharply to the boy for asking questions without thinking what he was asking, and Tommy was sitting in the corner with his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"Do you think you will get a prize for good conduct at school, Tommy?" asked mamma, anxious to create a diversion.

"I don't think so, ma," responded Tommy timidly.

"How's that?" asked Manders sternly before mamma could interfere. "Haven't you been behaving yourself? Why won't you get a prize for good conduct? Answer me at once."

"Cos they don't give any, father," answered the boy.

Father was caught himself, and when he saw his wife smile he went out and slammed the door after him.—Pearson's Weekly.

Trials of the Unemployed.

Once there was a young Boetian who had money. One day he looked at his clothes, of which he had a great many, and he saw that they needed to be brushed and folded, so he told his servant to do it for him. Then he went downstairs and noticed that all his manuscripts were in disorder, so he hired a man to sort them out and to make a list of them. Next he went to the stable and found one of his horses sick, so he asked a man to get him another one. The other horse needed exercise, so he engaged a groom to exercise the horse.

He looked at a puppy which he had and said, "Why, it's time that puppy was trained to find birds," so he sent the puppy away to a man to be taught.

Then he went into the house and yawned. "Dear me," said he, "how dull it is with nothing to do! I wish I had something to do."

The Boetians were barbarians.—Punch.

Smoking in Church.

The old time citizens smoked even in church. All such offenders were excommunicated by Urban VIII. in 1624 and again by Innocent XII. in 1690.

There was William Breedon, too, vicar of Thornton, England, of whom the astrologer Lilly says that "when he had no tobacco he would cut the bell ropes and smoke them."

Prohibitions of the customs were frequent. "Item, you shall not utter," enjoins an alehouse license of the time of James I., "nor willingly suffer to be uttered, drunke or taken, any tobacco within your house, cellar or other place thereunto belonging."

Charles II. sent a letter to the University of Cambridge forbidding the members to wear periwigs, smoke tobacco or read their sermons. A writer has recorded a visit to an Essex church about 1680 on which he saw pipes stowed ready for use on the following Sunday.—Chicago News.

A QUEER CUSTOM.

Curious Basket Ceremony of Siamese Ancestral Worship.

If the "basket supper" of worthy tradition is a feature of New England church sociability, the orient has a fashion of its own connected with baskets and religious ceremony. Mary Cort, in her book on Siam, tells of a custom which forms a mysterious part of Siamese ancestral worship.

The ceremony is called, krachat, which means basket. When the time for observing it is at hand, the king commands the princess to make large baskets and to buy articles with which to fill them. Around the palace booths are built, covered with red and white cloth, and here the baskets are displayed. The king himself goes out to inspect them.

The baskets are filled with all sorts of things, from rice, sweetmeats, sugar cakes and onions to articles of a more lasting nature. The baskets are woven in all sorts of curious shapes. One may be in the form of a cart hauled by two buffaloes covered with tobacco instead of hair and with many useful things in the cart. Tree baskets have all sorts of articles hanging to the branches, such as saws, knives, handkerchiefs, and so forth. Bushel baskets are pierced with doors, in and out of which run automatic dolls covered with coins. Some of the baskets are immense, being sixteen feet long.

The show lasts a week, at the end of which the priests draw lots for the spoil.

THE TELEPHONE.

What It Means When the Operator Announces "Line Busy."

It is easier for an operator to establish a connection than reply, "Line busy." Recollection of this simple fact may perhaps smooth out the asperities of a state of mind evoked by a hasty conclusion that the operator simply is shirking. Follow a call into the main exchange, for example. You ask for a certain number. The operator immediately informs you the line is busy. How does she know? Simply by a little galvanometer effect in the receiver when she tries to "plug in" on the line asked for. She cannot tell you who is talking on the line, how long it has been in use or how long it is likely to be "busy." All the information she possesses is a click, but it is sufficient to advise her that some one of the 150 other operators in the exchange had a prior call from or to that number. Had the line been clear the effort to complete the connection would have been no greater than that required to get the clerk; hence the task of informing a caller that the line is busy is just as much extra labor the last as the first. It involves a double burden, as the subscriber will usually repeat the call until he is able to transact his business. Obviously, therefore, the desire of the operator is to establish the connection when it is first called for. She has no motive in doing otherwise.—Telephone Talk.

Ducking the Scold in Old Times.

The last instance of curing scolds by ducking them carried out in England was in 1801 at Kingston-on-Thames. A contemporary newspaper records such an event in 1745: "Last week a woman that keeps the Queen's Head ale house at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding and was accordingly placed in the chair and ducked in the river Thames under Kingston bridge in the presence of 2,000 or 3,000 people." In Queen Elizabeth's time ducking was the universal punishment for scolds, and it appears that each town had then at least one of these penitential chairs in ordinary use. Dr. Johnson once said to Mrs. Knowles, "Madam, we have different modes of restraining evils—stocks for the men, a ducking stool for women and a pound for beasts."—Westminster Gazette.

Consolation Somewhere.

They had been husband and wife for three months only when the young wife commenced to show signs of disappointment with the bargain she had made.

"I am so unhappy," she confided to a girl friend who paid her a visit.

"Why, dear?" inquired the other.

"I am beginning to think that my husband married me for my money."

"Well," remarked the philosophical confidante, "it ought to be some consolation to know that he isn't such a big fool as he looks."—London Tatler.

Schopenhauer on Courage.

I cannot well explain why cowardice seems contemptible and personal courage a noble and sublime thing, for no lower point of view enables me to see why a finite individual who is everything to himself—nay, who is himself even the very fundamental condition of the existence of the rest of the world—should not put his own preservation above every other aim.

The Doctor's Lessons in Patience.

Among my professional acquaintances, writes a young doctor in the Saturday Evening Post, perhaps 15 per cent of all bills rendered come to nothing, or practically that; unless their value as teaching a lesson in patience be considered.

Not Lost.

Traveler (to ferryman crossing the river)—Has any one ever been lost in this stream? Boatman—No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him after looking for two weeks.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Reason Why.

"Percy," said Cholo de Vere, "sends everything he shoots to the hospitals." "But, then, you know," said L'Oignon, smiling, "Percy never shoots anything but gunoscopes."—New York Press.

Pinoules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwicks Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

COURT CARDS AND CUPID.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Jack o' Spades," Culbert called him that first morning he had gone to work in the Buckley building. Protests to the effect that his name was John Symonds were of no avail. His name was Jack, and he was as black as the ace of spades, so the name clung.

At first he was angry, but one could not remain angry long with Kingsland Culbert, and in the end Jack wound up by paying him a hero worship that at times threatened to cost the man his position; for with Culbert in the elevator it ran express to the next to the top floor, no matter what the other passengers might threaten.

But Jack had gained the position through having saved Buckley's little girl from a runaway accident, and he wisely smiled tolerantly at the complaints and suggested that perhaps the elevator had become unmanageable.

Until Edith McQueen came, Culbert had reigned alone, but after that he was relegated to second place, the only instance wherein, according to Ben Hodgman, the queen outranked both king and jack in the pack.

Miss McQueen was employed by Hodgman & Pettit, whose office was on the third floor, and it was Culbert's habit to drop off at their offices on his way out to lunch and pick up the girl. He had obtained the position for her, and it was understood that they were engaged, though no golden band announced that fact.

Then there came the day when Jack noticed that Miss McQueen had been crying when she came in. Culbert did not arrive until late and his face was drawn and very white. He did not even smile when he nodded to Jack. When he went out to lunch, he stayed twice as long as usual, and when he did return it seemed to Jack that he had had more than the one cocktail he usually allowed himself.

Miss McQueen did not go out to lunch at all, and when her employers had ridden down to lunch together, Jack slipped into the office to ask if he could help her in something. There he found her with her head upon her arms. Her eyes glistened with tears as she raised her face at the sound of his entrance.

"Don't you want a cup o' tea, Miss Queenie?" he pleaded. "It's sho' good for the headache."

She shook her head with a wan little smile and Jack slipped out again. That night the car passed Culbert's door twice before it stopped for him. A king had been deposed.

But he was reinstated again because of his evident suffering. After that first day he did not repeat the cocktail episode; indeed, he seemed oblivious to lunch time and never by any chance used the elevator when Miss McQueen might happen to be going out or in.

Jack pondered the situation, but there was only one conclusion possible in his limited experience. There had been a quarrel and both were too proud to speak first.

It grieved him because they were good friends of his, those two, and their quarrel hurt him as much as it seemed to hurt them. More than once he was tempted to speak to one or the other and tell how the other suffered, but a certain delicacy held him back, and he could only miserably wait the turn of events.

Then came Jack's scare. It was a dull afternoon and he let the elevator drop slowly down. At the ground floor he threw open the door to look up at a huge policeman; not Charlie, who had the beat and who sometimes came in to get warm, but another man, a stranger. Though he had never had direct dealings with the police, Jack was afraid of them. To him they were not guardians of the peace. They were men who arrested people. When the big man demanded to know which office Miss McQueen was in, refreshing his memory as to the name from a formidable looking document, Jack's heart sank.

"I want to see her about a stolen watch," he added, and Jack's misery was complete. The little chatelaine she had worn had been replaced lately by a more elaborate affair of gold with a long chain. It must be this one that was wanted.

There was only one thing to be done. Hadn't Mr. Culbert got the janitor out of jail that time he had trouble with his wife? Jack ran the car up to the sixth floor and with a vague "To the left" shut the door and dropped down to the third.

He burst in upon Miss McQueen with a face gray with horror and excitement. She rose uncertainly at his call and came into the hall.

He fairly dragged her into the car and shot up to the top floor. Through the lattice guard he could see the officer descending the stairs. Some one had told him where the girl worked, and he was going after her.

Panting with fear, he stopped at the seventh door and pushed Miss McQueen into Culbert's office, closing and locking the door after him. Culbert looked up wearily from the desk.

"What's the matter, Jack?" he demanded, with a formal bow to the girl.

"Dar's a policeman after her," he explained. "She done stole a watch, and he's after her."

"What are you talking about?" Culbert cried. "Miss McQueen a thief. Impossible."

"He done say he want to see her about a watch that was stole," insisted Jack. "Ah done hear him."

"A policeman wishes to see me?" asked the girl. "About a watch?" Jack nodded. "I think I can explain," she went on, turning to Culbert. "When—when it happened I stopped wearing your watch and used mother's. I left yours on the bureau, and when I came home it was gone. I made a complaint to the police, and I suppose they have sought the thief and wish me to identify my property."

"But what have I to do with it?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "Jack just came after me, his face livid with fear. I supposed that something terrible had happened, that perhaps—"

"I was in trouble," Culbert suggested, supplying the break. "I have been tempted to, but it seemed cowardly to kill myself. What I cannot understand is Jack's chain of reasoning."

"Ain't lawyers for to keep people from goin' to jail?" the boy remonstrated. "And ain't you the best lawyer?"

"You cannot expect me to answer 'no' to that," laughed Culbert.

"That's it," explained Jack. "I brung her up here to save her."

The two threw back their heads and laughed, and in that laugh the misunderstandings were forgotten. Culbert tucked her under his arm in the old familiar way and unlocked the door.

"I guess I'll go down with you and see the officer," he said. "It looks important to have your attorney."

He threw open the door, and Jack slipped out. There was a soft but significant sound that brought a grin to Jack's face, and then the two followed him into the car.

The big policeman grinned at Jack in most friendly fashion when the interview concluded, and he stepped into the car. On the up trip Culbert slipped a bill into his hand.

"There's a piece of wedding cake goes with this," he said, "but that comes a little later. This is a time, my boy, when the Jack of Spades captured the Queen of Hearts and the King of Illiots."

"Yessir," assented Jack, wondering what it all meant. He knew about the wedding cakes and ten dollar bills. The last was Greek, but satisfactory because his king and queen were pleased.

His Wedding Fee.

A New England clergyman tells of a wedding fee which, though ten times as long as any other he ever received and which he believes has never been duplicated. The wedding was that of a thrifty widow to an elderly bachelor, who was sadly in need of just the care and the cooking he would receive at the widow's hands. The wedding was a fairly one, and as the ceremony was about to depart the bride stepped up to him and whispered:

"I sent Henry over with your fee half an hour ago. He wasn't in a position to give you one, but I told him he could lug it over and that would show his good will. I hope you'll like it. You always have."

When the minister reached his house, he was greeted by his wife, whom the six-weeks-old baby had kept at home that evening.

"The bridegroom brought over your fee awhile ago," she said in a voice shaking with laughter. "I had him put it out in the kitchen."

"That's a pretty place for a wedding fee!" cried the minister as he hurried out to the kitchen, followed by his wife.

There he found his fee—two dozen glass jars bearing neat labels which set forth the nature of their contents—six of "currant jell," six of "spiced currants," six of "grape jam" and six of sweet pickle."

"We laughed over that fee more than any other," said the minister, "but we also had more solid enjoyment out of it than out of any other I've ever received."—Youth's Companion.

He Was Not Theobald.

The gray haired nobleman sat in solitary state before the fire in his ancestral hall. As he meditated upon the past and upon the glory of his ancestors the clock struck the hour of midnight.

The sound brought him to his feet and these words from his mouth:

"It is now exactly twenty years since my only son was sent by me from under my roof tree. Oh, Theobald, Theobald, perhaps I was too hard on you! Won't you come back to me now?"

Just then he heard a footstep in the passage. Hastily opening the door, he discovered a man in the act of leaving the castle.

"Oh, don't you know me?" asked the stranger. "I'm Theobald."

The earl looked at him critically.

"Then why are your pockets full of spoons?" he asked. "And why are you wearing the cake basket as a chest protector?"

Thus was the pretended prodigal discovered, and there was no fatted calf for him. They don't supply veal in jail.—London Tit-Bits.

A Poser.

A professor in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity" and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that, although every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said a student, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in it, it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor.

"Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined the student, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

LEGAL ADVICE.

A Story Showing How Foolish It Is to Try to Get It For Nothing.

A young lawyer moved into a town where there was only one lawyer before—an old judge.

A close fisted old farmer thought there was a good chance to get some legal advice from the young man gratis, so he dropped into his office, told him how glad he was that he had come into town, because the old judge was getting superannuated, and contrived in the course of his talk to get the legal information he wanted, and then bidding him good morning he was about to leave when the young man asked for his fee. "What for?" said the old man. "For legal advice," replied the young lawyer. "How much is it?" "Five dollars." The farmer declared he would never pay it, and the young lawyer told him if he didn't he would sue him. So the farmer trotted down to see the old judge, whom he found hoeing in his garden, and said, "Judge, I went this morning just simply to make a neighborly call on that young scamp of a lawyer who has just come into town and he charged me $5." "Served you right," said the judge. "You'd no right to go to him." "Well, have I got to pay it?" "Certainly you have." "Well, then, if I must, I must. Good morning." "Hold on," said the judge. "Aren't you going to pay me?" "Pay you, what for?" "Why, for legal advice, of course." "What do you charge?" "Ten dollars." The result of which was the old fellow had to pay $5 to the young lawyer and $10 to the old one.

Moral.—Don't try to get legal advice for nothing.—Exchange.

THE POSTAGE STAMP.

Order In Which It Was Adopted by Different Countries.

The first postage stamp seems to have been used in Paris in 1653, but the service in which the stamp was used was only local and soon failed. On May 6, 1840, the first regular postage stamps were issued in England. Various local forwarders of letters and postmasters in this country issued stamps as early as 1842. The first to do so was A. M. Grigg's City Dispatch Post, which was sold to the government in August, 1842. Blood & Co. of Philadelphia sold stamps in 1841, and the postmasters of Baltimore, New Haven and New York of 1845 also sold stamps.

In 1847 the government took up the business, but Brazil in 1843 was ahead of the United States in taking up the stamp end of the postal business. The other principal countries followed in this order: France, Belgium and Bavaria in 1849; Hanover, British Guiana, Brunswick, Spain and Switzerland in 1850; Italy, Denmark, Baden, Wurttemberg, Saxony, and the provinces of Canada in 1851; Chile and the princes of Turn and Taxis (who had the postal monopoly in Germany) in 1852; Portugal in 1853; India and Norway in 1854; Uruguay and Mexico in 1856; Russia and Newfoundland in 1857; Sweden in 1858; the Australian colonies early in the fifties; Greece in 1861; Turkey in 1863; Ecuador in 1865; Egypt in 1866; Bolivia in 1867; Paraguay in 1870. The international postal union was formed in October, 1874, and went into operation on July 1, 1875.

How the Pendulum Was Found.

Like many of the commonest mechanical instruments in daily use, the invention of the pendulum is due entirely to chance. Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa while some painters were at work on the ceiling of the church. A suspended lamp which was hanging before the altar was disturbed in some manner, and the scientist was struck with the almost perfect regularity with which it swung, back and forth. The idea of measuring time by such an instrument found instant generation in his brain, and he completed the system in use to this day.—St. Louis Republic.

A Soft Answer.

A canny Scot was being shown over a man-o'-war for the first time in his life and, being interested in all he saw, piled his guide with all sorts of questions. The marine seemed particularly to interest him, and, going up to one, he pointed to the "grenade" in the marine's cap and asked what it was. The marine looked at him in surprise. "Don't you know what that is?" he asked. "Why, that's a turnip, of course." "Ach, mon," replied the Scot impatiently, "I was no axin' about yer head."—Cardiff Times.

Flattering, but a Knock.

"Even with flattery," said Mark Twain at a dinner, "you can't please some men. I remember when I was a reporter in Virginia City there was a doctor I liked—I had camped once on Lake Tahoe with him—and in an obituary I decided to give him a card. I wrote, 'Dr. Sawyer was called in, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the patient died Monday.' But Dr. Sawyer, somehow, wasn't pleased."—Kansas City Star.

An Insinuation.

Mrs. Ginger—How dare you talk to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. And you call yourself a lady's maid, do you? The Maid—I was a lady's maid before I worked for you, ma'am.—Boston Transcript.

Much Worn.

"These trousers are very much worn this season," said the tailor, displaying his goods.

"So are the ones I have on," replied the poet sadly.

I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Juvius.

Subscribe for the MINER and get all the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now

Linda's Lovers

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKeen.

"Linda, do tell a fellow how you do it. You're no beauty—positively, your nose is a snub—yet here you have Lowton's three best beaus so fascinated they won't look at another girl when you're around."

Derry's voice was jubilant, but the twinkle in his eyes belied its measured note. Linda Bryson chose to answer the eyes rather than the words.

"Unless you stop being tiresome I shall call Aunty Pam," she said. "I know she is dying to have you tell her all about the Greer funeral."

"Say, do you know there's a law against cruel and unusual punishments?" Derry asked, with an accent of deep injury.

"Is there? Dear me! How do you happen to know it—being a lawyer?" Linda flung back at him. "People say, you know, that the less law you have the more cases you win."

"People in this case meaning Phil Gray. I didn't think he'd be so nasty over the drubbing I gave him," Derry said tranquilly. "I shall have to look out for myself. Unless old Phil had been more than professionally jealous he never in the world would have said such a thing."

"Why should he be jealous of—anybody? We're engaged—have been since last Thursday."

Linda pouted. Derry breathed hard just once, then caught both her hands and pressed them warmly, saying: "I see you had to console the boy. He was pretty crestfallen when he left the courthouse that afternoon. Of course I wish you joy—all kinds of joy—double riveted, copper fastened, and I congratulate him with all my heart. But, honestly, Lin, are you sure—"

"Sure of what?" Linda asked saucily, though with the least shake of the voice.

"Why, that you love Phil well enough to live with him all your life?" Derry began.

"Are you sure you love Julia Moore that way?" Linda countered.

Derry stared at her. "Julia Moore! What has she got to do with it?" he asked.

Linda flung up her head.

"She must have a heap to do with it, since you are going to marry her."

HE HELD HER FACING HIM AND LOOKED HER FULL IN THE EYES.

Hush! as she saw Derry about to whistle. "I know—She told me so herself."

"When?" Derry asked, his voice low and steady. Linda tried to look reflective, but her blushes betrayed her. "It was some time last week," she stammered at last. "We were coming home together—"

"From the courthouse. I saw you there listening to the speeches," Derry interrupted. Then, with a quizzical smile: "With such authority I must of course agree. All the same, Linda, I thought you understood—that you—you were playing with the others so as to wait for me. I couldn't speak out until I had got from under the load of my father's debts."

"Julia can free you. That was why," Linda began, then stopped short, her eyes on the fire. After a minute she went on clearly: "I had to think you were tired of an uphill fight. Besides, you were free as air. There had never been a word between us."

"No—worse luck," Derry said, rising and walking twice across the room. It was big and dim, full of faded furniture, the tiny, scantily filled grate set in the big chimney breast speaking eloquently of the change from a time of hospitable plenty. Aunt Pam had the house; Linda, a narrow income. Therefore they lived without work, as became gentlewomen born, though Linda was more than a little restive.

"What if I am a born Bryson? It won't hurt me to trim hats or make cotillion favors for play? Goodness knows I do enough of it for—invitations and 'Thank you, dear.' And I do believe the very people that impose on me would think more of me if I charged them round prices," she had said more than once. But always Aunt Pam and Aunt Pam's ideas had prevailed. The one way out was marriage—with some good steady fellow of decent patrimony and the knack of getting on in the world.

Phil Gray had both, hence stood high with Aunt Pam. She liked Allen Derry well enough. His mother had been her dearest friend. But there were the debts—the only thing Judge Derry had left his son. A spotless reputation, of course, did not count against lack of financial foresight. The judge had been beguiled not only into risking his own money, but into giving his neighbors advice. It was the neighbors Allen was paying, although they had not the least shadow of legal claim. Phil Gray had said it was "magnificent, but not business." Aunt Pam agreed with him heartily. Still, she had been always motherly kind to Allen, having no suspicion of what was in his heart and Linda's.

Allen stopped his pacing abruptly and said, looking over Linda's head: "Phil is a good chance, also a good fellow. I hope he'll make you happy as the day is long. I know he'll try. But—tell me, have you put on his ring?"

"Not yet," Linda said very low. Derry caught her hands and drew her to her feet. He held her facing him and looked full in her eyes as he said hoarsely: "Then give me—one little inch of—love. I know you love me—even as I love you. We wrong nobody—I shall no more than kiss you—once. All I want is to have you look up at me from my breast and say, 'Allen, I love you—with the love that casteth out all fear.'"

"Allen, I love you with the love that casteth out all fear," Linda repeated submissively, laying her head against his shoulder. His arms infolded her. For a long minute they stood silent, trembling through and through with a sense of sacred farewells. Then Allen bent and kissed her, saying gently as he put her away from him, "Remember, no matter what happens here, you are mine through all eternity."

"Goodby," Linda said, her voice clear and unshaken. "Goodby," Allen echoed and turned toward the door. It stood open, inframing Phil Gray, whose face was very white, but whose eyes were steady and kindly. He came to the two at the hearth with outstretched hands, saying: "I did not mean to spy on you; but, thank God, I heard. The mistake that has been made is not past undoing, Linda. I set you free. Now choose between us."

With a happy cry, Linda put her hand in Derry's and hid her blushes upon his breast. Gray drew a hard breath, but smiled gallantly and asked: "Are you surprised to see me here? I am surprised to be here. But there's a reason for it. Allen, old man, read that. It came to us an hour back. You know our firm settled up your father's affairs."

Allen took the yellow slip, but the words on it danced before him. It was Phil's last good office to read to him that the mine so long held worthless had turned out to be marvelously rich. All the money that had been sunk in it would come back a hundredfold.

"You'll be rich, you two—as rich you can buy all Lowton," he said at last, shutting Linda's hand out her hand to him. So did Derry as together they said: "And be sure we will marry and live happy ever after."

Man at the Helm.

There was no doubt in the minds of people who knew the Camerons as to who was the head of the house in every sense of the word. So accustomed were the Camerons, large and small, to look to "father" for advice and opinions on every subject that they unconsciously afforded more or less amusement to their friends.

"Do you mind this extreme cold weather, Mrs. Cameron?" some one asked her one icy winter day, and the little lady smiled cheerily.

"Oh, father says it's much healthier for everybody than last winter," she answered. "He says we all feel much better than we did."

"Indeed!" said the friend, with a spice of malice. "I thought I heard that all of you except Mr. Cameron had been quite ill with throat troubles."

"Yes, so we have," admitted the adoring wife, "but as father says, he knows just when we got our colds. It was that time the weather changed so suddenly while he was in New York, and he doesn't intend to let it happen again."—Youth's Companion.

Rackets.

There is a good deal of simplicity about the game of rackets, but it is so fast that one has to move into position rapidly, hit rapidly and recover rapidly. The movements of a player must be almost instinctive. This is the reason why those who learn the game very young have better prospects. The greatest mistake of men who take up rackets in this country is that they often learn bad form at the start, which only the most careful practice will enable them to ever overcome. As a matter of fact a good many of our players do not care to take the time for such practice. Bad footwork and a poor wrist are the causes of the downfall of nearly all of our second and third class players. Plenty of men, physically well equipped for the most strenuous rackets, will peg along for years and never learn the game properly, simply because they began badly and either have never taken the trouble or do not know how to correct their faults.—George H. Brooke in Outing Magazine.

Exactly.

A good English country mayor found himself at table in a large restaurant between two young men, who began to make fun of him.

"I see, young sirs," he said, "that you are making fun of me, but I assure you that I am neither stupid nor an ass."

"Ah," said one of them, "perhaps you are between the two."

"Exactly," was the prompt reply. "I'm between the two."

Decay of Laughter in England.

I am perfectly certain that half our ills are due to the fact that we do not laugh enough. A good, sincere smile is something rare in these times, a "laughing face" is scarce, and it is seldom indeed that one hears a good, ringing laugh.—London World.

Neither Still Nor Small.

"When you do something you know is wrong, doesn't a still, small voice keep reminding you of it eternally?"

"A still, small voice! I guess you never met my wife, did you?"—Houston Post.

The population of the world averages 109 women to every 100 men.

LINKED WITH DEATH.

Articles That Brought Tragedy to Their Owners.

SOME QUEER COINCIDENCES

The Hindoo Idol That Mme. Carnot Ordered Destroyed—A Grim Exhibit in a London Museum—A Ring That Brought Its Owners to Suicide.

Of course the psychologists have explanations for them all, but there are lots of things that happen that somehow do not respond readily to those so called explanations of "purely mental effect" or "accidental coincidences" and all that sort of thing.

When Mme. Carnot, widow of Sadi Carnot, died and her will was read, a clause in it caused considerable comment. This was to the effect that a certain small Hindoo idol carved from a hard stone which would be found among her property must be taken out and crushed until completely destroyed. Many marveled at this apparently singular request, for the idol seemed a harmless, ugly little thing, but her instructions were carried out to the letter.

The idol had been presented to Sadi Carnot years before he had ever thought of the presidency of France by a friend who had brought it from India. Later he learned that there was a legend attached to it which asserted that whosoever would retain it in his possession would rise to the fullest height of power in his chosen profession, but die of a stab wound when at the zenith of his career. Carnot traced the history of the idol and found that for four years the rulers who had possessed it had all died either in battle or by assassination or stab wounds. Yet he laughed at the story, called the facts adduced by his search a mere chain of coincidences and retained the idol. He died by a dagger in the hands of an assassin; hence Mme. Carnot's strange request.

In Chicago a pawnbroker has a queer looking old turnip of a watch that he will not sell and will not wear, for he knows its history. He bought it at a sale of accumulated police property, and after the sale as a warning one of the police officials related three "coincidences" in connection with it. The first Chicago man to own the watch, so far as the police knew, had been killed by a burglar, and the watch was one of the few things the thief got away with. A few weeks later the burglar, with a party of his pals, pursued by the police for another crime, took refuge in a house on the outskirts of the city and sought to hold the officers at bay. All were taken alive except the burglar, and he was shot dead. The watch was found on his body. It was around the detective bureau for a long time, and one day one of the force asked permission to take it home to show some friends, his description of its quaint, curious case having aroused their curiosity. On his way back to report that night, with the watch in his possession, he was shot dead by a crook who had a long standing grudge against him.

The pawnbroker put the watch in his showcase, but purely as an ornament, and made such investigation regarding its history as he could. He learned that it had been made in France more than a hundred years ago, and five men who had worn it had died violent deaths. Yet these were all coincidences, and the curse of the old woman from whose hands it had been snatched by a thief in Bordeaux shortly after it left its maker's hands had nothing to do with the case, whatever.

In the South Kensington museum, London, there is an object catalogued 22,459. It is a cast of a woman's face and was found in an excavation not far from Luxor, in Egypt. The cast is that of a beautiful woman, but the face wears an expression of sinister evil. The man who found the cast died within twenty-four hours after he had touched it, and the two workers who handled it died within a few weeks. Three of the carriers who handled it on the Nile boat died within a short space of time, and the man who reshipped it at Cairo also died within less than a week after he had played his part in the work of getting it to its destination. All these were seemingly natural deaths, but it is odd that all the men whose fingers touched the cast in Egypt should have died so soon after the handling.

Then there is the ring of which Girouard, the French detective, has told us and which now is in one of the museums of Paris. It is odd in that it is flexible, slightly so, for it is formed like a twisted serpent in closely woven gold links with an opal on the top of the head, two tiny emeralds for eyes and a ruby in its mouth. Seven such rings are not apt to be in existence in any one city, yet seven times during the twenty-nine years Girouard served the Parisian police in a position which brought him to the morgue daily he found this ring on the bodies of suicides. Four times it had been claimed by relatives of the dead, and twice had it been sold. The seventh time Girouard saw to it that it went through the usual red tape channels to a place where it could no longer be worn.—New York Press.

The Badge.

We hold this truth to be self evident, that all men are created equal, but in order to leave no possible room for doubt about it we insist upon the dress coat at all formal affairs.—Puck.

Rapid growth of the finger nails is a sign of good health.

Congenial Employment.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets of broadswords or canals or statues or songs.—Emerson.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Van Artevelde.

SAVED BY CLEAN HANDS.

Thrilling Incident of the Days of the Paris Commune.

Frederic Villiers' "Peaceful Personalities and Warrior Tales" contains a startling and somewhat bloody tale of the terrible days of the Paris commune. An unnamed Englishman tells the story of himself and Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent: "There was a good deal of fighting in the streets at the time, for the Versailles troops were pressing hard upon the communists. One afternoon, in a street not far from where we were sitting, I was rounded up by a party of rebels and made to work erecting a barricade, when I found another Englishman pressed for the same business. It was Forbes, the war correspondent. We chummed together at our distasteful work, which we were compelled to do or risk being shot for spies.

"Presently the barricade was attacked by the Versaillaists, and the communists, after a sharp fight, were driven helter skelter down the street. Forbes and I run with them. Presently he shouted, 'Dive into that wineshop on the left!' I immediately did so, and Forbes, catching hold of me, pushed me through a shop to a back yard, where we found a pump. 'Now,' said he, 'wash your hands quickly and let me have a turn.' After our ablutions he hurried me back into the street. That simple incident of washing my hands saved my life, and I always remember it with gratitude.

"We had hardly gained the street before we were roughly arrested by the victorious troops, who would not listen to any explanation, and were hurried along with many other prisoners till we came to a blank wall, where a halt was made. About a dozen of us were made to stand in a line with our backs to the wall. 'Hands up!' cried the officer in charge.

"The poor devils who had soiled hands were told to remain. Forbes and I were the only men who were allowed to fall out, for our hands showed no sign of barricade work or soil of powder upon them. Before we realized what had happened the rear were riddled with bullets. It was a ghastly sight."

A COMICAL LAWSUIT.

Odd Revenge of the Whimsical Count De Lauraguais.

The Count de Lauraguais was one of the most singular characters of a whimsical time. He was full of oddities and had a reckless spirit of daring. The boldness of his language and action once drew upon him the displeasure of Louis XVI., who banished him from Paris, but he came back on a festal day and was seen in the very box of the court watching about a mile course. Nothing withheld it the escapade. Such a culprit was incorrigible.

But one of the most absurd of his antics had to do with the Prince D., a very dull courtier, against whom he had a grudge. One day the count applied very gravely to a physician, asking if it were possible for a person to die of ennui.

"Such a thing," said the doctor, "would be very singular and very rare."

"But what I want to know," said the count, "is whether it would be possible."

"Well," answered the doctor, "a long continued state of ennui might induce some disease, such as consumption, and in that sense it might cause the patient's death."

On this the constitution was written down and signed at the count's request and the fee paid.

Next he went to an advocate and asked whether he could make a legal complaint against a man who by any means whatsoever had formed a design against his life. The advocate assured him that there was not the least doubt of it and in his turn signed a declaration. Armed with these documents, the Count de Lauraguais instituted criminal proceedings against Prince D., who, he declared, had formed the design of tiring him to death!

Of course the suit ended in laughter, but he had had the satisfaction of telling the world how his enemy impressed him.

The Art of Skip Reading.

Skip reading is an accomplishment of our own time. An ordinary man or woman of today can extract all the requisite information out of a newspaper in less than five minutes by the exercise of this new sense—for it is little else than this. The eyes race down a column, pick up instinctively an essential word here and there, and the brain fills in the intervals intelligently, producing a precis which is sufficient for the purpose.—London Graphic.

Longevity of Car Wheels.

Has anybody ever stopped to think how many miles the wheels of a railroad car travel before they wear out? Statistics gathered from various roads show that perfect car wheels often roll from 300,000 to 450,000 miles before they have to be turned down. Wheels with flaws in them run only about 50,000 to 90,000 miles.

Vain Longing.

Ardup looked up bitterly from the book he was reading. The words "one touch of nature" had caught his eye and had started a train of thought.

"I wish it were possible," he soliloquized. "I've touched everybody else."—Chicago Tribune.

He Enjoyed It.

Hoax—Did you really enjoy your stay in Paris? Joax—I came home in the steerage.—Boston Record.

The easiest thing in the world is to make mistakes. The hardest is to profit by them.—Stoutsville Banner.

Not Inherited.

Fond Papa—My baby says such bright things! Dyspeptic Uncle—Ahh! yet you want me to believe in this rot about heredity.—Baltimore American.

Garrick tried to abolish prologues and epilogues, but the audiences of his day would not consent.

Think of Clothing
Think of "SIMONS"

Want a Square Deal
Come to "SIMONS"

A Fit That Fits
Sure at "SIMONS"

If You Want Value,
Safe at "SIMONS"

Prices That Bring You
Back to "SIMONS"

Your Clothing Troubles
Ended at "SIMONS"

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street,
BRADFORD, PA.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymul menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

If you suffer from bloating belching sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia take a Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dudo's Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean; the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Notice.

Why let your hay spoil on account of a leaky roof when you can get cedar shingles at $2.50 per thousand, also a good quality of hemlock lumber, at mill of CHAS. PHALON, Crosby.

For Sale.

Six English fox hound pups. Call and see them. ELMER LAMB, West of County Home, Smethport, Pa.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock bath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Come to Hogarth's ice cream parlors for Strawberry, Chocolate and Vanilla Ice Cream and Grape Sherbet.

The Vanishing Trick.

Into the grocer's shop walked an ancient lady with a slow and halting tread and carrying on her arm a basket containing a large earthenware pot with a lid. Placing the basket on the counter, she made various purchases, which she put carefully in the pot, and had her bill made out.

"By the way," she said before paying this, "do you mind keeping this pot with the purchases in it until I come back and pay for them, as I have to buy other things some distance off, and it will be more convenient for me to leave the things here till later?"

This request was willingly acceded to, and, lifting the pot carefully out of the basket, the old dame placed it, with an effort, in a corner; then, placing her basket on her arm, left the shop. Hours went by, day ripened into evening, and evening gave way to night, but the old woman did not return. At last the proprietor thought of examining the earthenware pot, to see if by any chance it had its owner's address upon it, and great was his astonishment, not untinged with dismay, to find that it possessed no bottom.—London Answers.

Witchcraft in the Nineteenth Century.

Most people believe that witchcraft among civilized people ended when the "Salem witch mania" ran its course and died out in the year 1692. It did as far as America is concerned, except among savages, but in other countries the belief in the superstition did not die until a much later date, even if it can be truly said to be dead now. In France an old beggar was tortured to death as late as 1807 on the charge of being one who "communed with evil spirits," and in Spain a witch was burned in 1808. In 1850 in France a man and his wife tortured a suspected witch to death, and nothing at all was done with them by the criminal courts on account of the lingering belief in sorcery. Four years later a witch was drowned in England, and in 1860 one was burned in Mexico. In 1874, 1870, 1880 and again in 1889 witches were publicly burned in Russia, and even as late as 1890 regular judicial trials of witches were had in Prussia, Poland and Austria-Hungary.

Let No One Boast.

Nevertheless, let no one boast. Just as every man, though he be the greatest genius, has very definite limitations in some one sphere of knowledge, and thus attests his common origin with the essentially perverse and stupid mass of mankind, so also has every man something in his nature which is positively evil. Even the best—nay, the noblest—character will sometimes surprise us by isolated traits of depravity, as though it were to acknowledge his kinship with the human race, in which villainy—nay, cruelty—is to be found in that degree.—Schopenhauer.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Carton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Houton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. C. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. E. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. F. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War, claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 127 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Office and Residence in Clark Blk, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 3 p.m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lamb's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bonnell,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 8:30 a.m. to 10 a.m. and 2 to 3 p.m.

J. C. Howe,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamlin, M.D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a.m. and 1 to 3 p.m.
Office and residence, Hilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. [illegible],
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done in a skillful and satisfactory manner guaranteed.
Office over Mayo Drug Store.

DR. [illegible]ERCE
TISTS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St., BRADFORD, PA.
Over First [illegible] Grocery.

C. M. Cudgrove
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT, PENNA
Office at residence, E. King St.

Hotels.

Grand Central Hotel,
JAS. McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main St., Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar are constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main St., Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & BURNE, Prop.
F. L. BURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well filled with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main St., Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. Prepared to cater to the wants of the public. Give me a call.

Pianos.

[illegible] BURDICK
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. [illegible], The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Clark, Packard and Malcolm.
Wheeler Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also represents the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Insurance Companies in the United States.
[illegible] BURDICK.
Main St., Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] Grinard
AUTARAGE.
[illegible] and building in all its
AUTOMOBILES.
[illegible]nce phone 293 at Garfield call 867,
257 [illegible]on St., Olean, N. Y.